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OUR COUNTRY'S CALL.

BY WILLIAM CULLEN BRYANT.

Lay down the axe, fling by the spade;
Leave in its track the toiling plough;
The rifle and the bayonet blade
For arms like yours were fitter now;
And let the hands that ply the pen
Quit the light task, and learn to wield
The horseman's crooked sword, and rein
The charger on the battle field.

Our country calls; away! away!
To where the blood-stained banner floats the green.
Strike to defend the gentlest sway
That Time in all his course has seen.
See, from a thousand coverts,—see
Spring the armed foes that insult our track;
They rush to smite her down, and we
Must tread the beaten traitors back.

Ho! sturdy as the oaks ye cleave,
And moved as soon to fear and flight,
Men of the glade and forest! leave
Your woodcraft for the field of fight.
The arms that wield the axe must pour
An iron tempest on the foe;
His sternest ranks shall reel before
The arm that lays the panther low.

And ye who tread the mountain storm
By grassy steep or highland lake,
Come, for the land ye love to form
A bulwark that no foe can break.
Stand, like your own grey cliffs that mock
The whirlwind, stand in her defence;
The blast as soon shall move the rock
As rushing squadron bear ye thence.

And ye, whose homes are by her grand
Swift rivers, rising far away,
Come from the depth of your green land
As salmight in your march as they;
As terrible as when the rains
Have swelled them over bank and bourne,
With sudden floods to overwhelm
And sweep along the woods uptorn.

And ye who throng, beside the deep,
Her ports and hamlets of the strand,
In number like the waves that leap
On long autumnal nights of wind,
Come, like that deep, when, o'er his brim,
He rises, all his floods to pour,
And flings the proudest barks that swim,
A helpless wreck against his shore.

Fear, few were they whose swords, of old,
Won the fair land in which we dwell;
But we are many, we who hold
The grim resolve to guard it well.
Strike for that broad and goodly land,
Blow after blow, till men shall see
That Might and Right move hand in hand,
And glorious must their triumph be.

To be continued in our next.

VASCO PERES,

THE COOPER OF ALCOBAÇA:

BY A NEW CONTRIBUTOR.

CHAPTER I.

"He that labors and thrives, sows gold."

Far well nigh two years, Portugal had been in a condition bordering on anarchy. Upon the death (October 26th, 1826) of King Fernando, whose only daughter, Benilde, was married to Juan I. of Castile, the reins of government were assumed by the revered Agueda, Leonor Teliez, whilst the Castilian monarch forthwith laid claim to the crown in right of his consort—a claim which Leonor supported in behalf of her daughter, though contrary to strong equity—thus; for, by the marriage contract, Portugal was to be governed by a regent until the eldest son of Benilde should have attained his majority, when he was to succeed the throne in reference to Fernando, but as yet the marriage had not been blessed with issue. Leonor, who had rendered herself exceedingly obnoxious to the people, for reasons which it is needless to advert to in this place, was soon compelled to abandon the administration and make her escape, while her place was filled, at the desire of the Castilian, by Lafeyo, by a second brother of the late King, Don João, grand-master of Avis, from whom no better person could have been selected to guard the sacred trust, solely out of the perils which surrounded it, as was fully proved by the subsequent.

Castile backed her claims with an army; Lafeyo met her a long while beleaguered, and refused to grant stress for want of provisions, but was found impregnable. Hence after the siege had been raised, and when Don João perceived the circumstances favorable for designs, the *cortes* were convoked to meet at Coimbra, and in April, 1385, he was by them proclaimed king of Portugal. Yet the nation was far from being unanimous in favor of so hostile supported the cause of the new sovereign, the majority taking sides with Castile, which others upheld the claims of a third pretender, whom I have not yet mentioned.

This was a namesake of the two other competitors, João, Duke of Viseu, eldest son of Don Pedro I. and of the unhappy Inez de Castro of romantic fame; hence he was half brother to the late, so as to the recently elected king, and being sought refuge, during the former sovereign's reign, at the Castilian court, by motives which it would be irrelevant to specify here, he had been united and placed in confinement by orders of the king of Castile, immediately upon the arrival of the news of Don Fernando's decease, as it was foreseen that he would become a troublesome rival if allowed to repair to the neighboring kingdom.

At the time that our story opens, Don Juan of Castile—embracing the opportunity offered him of snatching Lisbon during the absence of the king of Portugal, who was intent upon reducing sundry places which still held out against him—was at the head of a powerful army on his march against the capital, whither a large fleet had been or-

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dered to proceed for the purpose of co-operating with the land force; whilst Don João of Portugal and his chief captain, the constable Nuno Alvares Pereira, fully alive to the necessity of thwarting his plan which, if effected, would have been fatal to the cause of independence, had just joined their troops with the intention of intercepting the invader on his way. Having thus given a cursory view of the state of the realm, I will now call the reader's attention to other matters.

It was August 11th, 1385. Not far from the coast, in one of the most fertile valleys of Portugal, is situated the town of Alcobaça, eighteen leagues north of Lisbon, at the confluence of the rivers Alcoa and Baça, which, after running into an arm of the sea, about six or seven miles from the place. That which is now a flourishing town of some five or six thousand inhabitants, was then only a small village, consisting of a few scattered houses or cottages, deriving all its importance from the monastery, erected in its midst, which belonged to the Cistercian order, or of St. Bernard, and which, having been founded in the middle of the twelfth century, had become the largest and wealthiest in the kingdom, possessing vast tracts of territory, with the lordship of thirteen towns and plenary jurisdiction over them. To the north and south are to be seen hights, the slopes of which are covered with rich soil adapted to vine growing, and, at the time we are speaking of, the remains of the former was covered with a rare, the subject to the control of the abbot and his monks. The plain, which extends westward from the village to the coast, was dotted with the small white dwellings of the peasantry, and clusters of olive trees, with their quaintly wrought boughs and dark or dusty green leaves, helped to relieve the monotony of the scene. Here and there groups of cattle might be seen grazing in the fields which had paid their tithes to the monastery, and which, as yet, they had not yet smothered up by the growing weeds, while in other parts extensive pastures invited the eye to rest upon their luxurious dress of verdure, so refreshing in that sultry season of the year, when all else is scorched and parched by the intense heat of the sun.

West of the monastery and at the extremity of the village, but below the junction of the two rivers, was a stone building, separated from the banks by a road which followed the course of the former towards the sea. It was some eighty feet long by forty wide, consisting merely of the ground floor, having several small but double doors on the road side, which were till wide open. Here were ranged some dozen or so of some were bringing staves into their proper shape, others were setting them up in the form of tubs casks, others again were hungering down the iron hoops which served to bind them fast. A large quantity of staves of different sizes were piled against one side of the wall, and casks of various dimensions—from twenty pipes downwards—were to be seen ready for the wine, or vinegar, Vasco Peres.

In times of yor, men were wont to be more attention to their trades than they are now-a-days, and any particular calling was frequently continued in the same family for successive generations. Such was Vasco's genealogical history: his father, grandfather, and great-grandfather had all been coopers—the family tradition went no further than the last mentioned—but none of them had progressed so well as their descendant. The latter, by dint of industry, combined with great natural intelligence, had amassed sufficient means to warrant him in pulling down the sorry shed left him by his father, and replacing it by the large building I have just attempted to describe, constructing, moreover, a comfortable residence a few yards from the shop, on a line with it, but nearer the village. His father had bequeathed him a few yards of land; but Vasco now possessed nearly two hundred acres on the fertile slopes in the rear, principally laid out in vines, which yielded him no despicable income. Besides this, his reputation for skill, good faith and promptitude in the execution of orders, had secured to him the custom of the greater part of the neighborhood, and that—which in itself surpassed all the rest put together—of the monks, whose wine-casks being very numerous, required any amount of vats and casks, for the yield of their vineyards in that district alone amounted to several thousands of pipes. This prosperous state of the cooper's affairs had been the work of scarcely ten years, for it was about two o'clock in the afternoon, and the day had been cloudy and unusually cool for the season, when he had just entered the shop, having been absent during the morning on business. He was a young man of about twenty-eight seamless, tall and well-proportioned, showing great power of muscle, with dark complexion, black curly hair, and remarkably handsome features, partaking much of a thoughtful expression, but enlivened by black eyes of great brilliancy; his high-arched forehead, singularly clear and open, was an earnest of considerable intellect combined with generous and noble propensities.

"The tidings I bring are none of the best, my lads, so far as business is concerned," said he, as he doffed his doublet and began to roll up his shirt-sleeves ere setting to work.

"How now? what is it said?" Are we to lose the longer-ears, and have the lavelin or wield the battle-axe against the Castilian? As it is this year's work—if, I tell it aright, which way you, boys?" said a man past the prime of life, who was appointed to be one of the principal workmen.

The rest expressed themselves with the greatest vehemency, as ready and willing to sally forth.

"I am glad to see you all so prompt in this matter, because, when you hear of the reason why, I do not that we carry for the summons, which I have received, from the king, Brax Martins," said Vasco.

"Let us hear it, then," cried several men, seating in their work for a moment.

"Why, you must know, that the good King and the valiant constable are at Ourem, and 'tis said they mean to encamp at Porto-de-Mos this very night, while it is no less certain the Castilian has reached Leiria, so that before this world is many days older, there will assuredly be a battle in our vicinity."

"Ah, I see it!" said Brax, interrupting his master; "the vineyards will be trodden under foot, the vines torn up, and, maybe, no pay for us, Master Vasco."

"That last guesscel aright this time," remarked Vasco.

"And consequently, comrades, our good master will no longer need our services," added a youth, half inquiringly.

"Nay, Gil; say, friends, think not so poorly of me as that I will ever call upon you for faithful, honest men as you are? Is it not enough to have your allegiance that I have your person? And shall I now turn you adrift, because my royal pensioner lacks? Surely ye think better of Vasco Peres. So help me Our Lady! but ye shall not want bread while I have any; ye are my servants, and I am your master. Now, look-ked around the shop—"a goodly stock on hand, I trow, and enough for more than one; but nothing to find there, and will surely not lose much time in wanton destruction; while we will increase the ware against better times. Go on with your work, my lads! until the day comes for us to die or triumph in the cause of our beloved country."

"Heaven's blessing upon you, Vasco Peres!" cried the men in one voice; whereupon many hearty shakes of the hand followed between the master-cooper and his men, among whom there was more than one that could not conceal the tears that came trickling down their rough cheeks, although striving to do so, as if ashamed of their emotion.

"The noble and the high-born that flock around the throne are used to offer up their all to the prince who is in want, when they conceive that return is to be more than either than they were," said Brax, with a curling lip expressive of contempt; "but you, Vasco Peres, who are neither high-born nor noble, would give to them from whom you can expect no requital, their work brought in no profit. Such acts, however, fill not in due season to receive their meed from another quarter. Meanwhile, comrades, let it not be said we not each generously with a niggard's spirit. Vasco Peres, for the present, will accept but half wages; what, say you there?"

"Agreed," was the unanimous reply.

"We have my full leave, friends," said Vasco, while his heart swelled with emotion; "but, as you would do me a pleasure, not another word touching this matter. I refuse to deduct a single red from your wages. In the first place, the evil is not yet come; but should it come, when my purse can no longer bear the drain, then I'll confess it like an honest man, whose check knows no blush and can stand the test of his actions. Till then, resume your occupations as if nought had been said."

All obeyed this injunction, each one muttering some pet blessing upon the head of their kind-hearted employer.

The business of the workshop were probably not aware that, without, there was one who had overheard all that had been said. This was a monk, who, strolling along the banks of the river, had stopped in front of the building on perceiving the animated gesticulations of those within. He wore the white frock and cape of the Cistercian convent, maybe in the discussion, and sitting loosely, without any cord or other sort of finishing round the waist, the sleeves wide-flowing as they descended from the articulation of the arm and shoulder, until ensuring an easy access to the hands. On his head he wore a low-crowned hat with a very broad brim, curled up on each side, but extending in its full width in front and behind. The monk was a beetnit fifty and fifty-five year of age; he was of medium stature and spare in person. The few stray locks that appeared beneath his hat were white as driven snow. His profile was of the long shape, of a noble and venerable cast; and notwithstanding his hollow cheeks and thin temples which had settled upon them, and would have been best suited to a man of severity, his physiognomy still bore undeniable traces of former beauty. In his dark sparkling eye, which contrasted singularly with the care-worn appearance of the rest of his person, lurked an expression of intelligence and penetration. As he listened to the words of the coopers, in which such good feeling was displayed on their side, his eyes became brighter, and a beam of pleasure and satisfaction lighted up his emaciated features. When the men returned to their several occupations, the monk moved forward as if about to cross the road and enter the workshop, but at that moment the sound of conversation again struck upon his ear and arrested his steps.

"By the by, master," said Brax, "whilst you were away I had a visit from Gonçalo Gomez, a quean of you, and finding you out, said he would call again."

"Ah! and said he nothing further?" asked Vasco.

"Yes, but on leaving he looked like one who had rather have found you home," returned Brax, with a mysterious smile. The good Brax had a peculiar grudge against nobles, which often made him unjust and blind to the good qualities that adorned many of that class.

"Fairer! we know well what he's after," observed Gil, with a knowing look.

"It may well be, though, that those ort mistaken, my boy," said Vasco, very quietly, standing upon a high bench, while, with the aid of another man, he adjusted an iron hoop to one of the ends of a huge vat, capable of containing some 20 or more pipes at wine.

"But I 'no not the first time he has sought you," persisted Gil; "before he was called away by the war, and while residing in his estate at Valverde, he was wont to visit you often."

"His father was in a way a patron of my father; for he more than once lodged him sleep, when he was sorely pressed. It is not, therefore, surprising that Don Gorcia, the present Lord of Valverde, should show some interest in my concerns," said Vasco, disdifferently.

"Ay, ay," muttered Gil, with a significant wink to his companions, "for that matter, I dare swear he'll be worth an your trade fingers; a weasel that gets into a granary had rather find it stocked than empty. * * * But, as I was about to say, 'tis now three days since Don Garcia arrived at Alcobaça with his company, and then makes the circuit of the town, he has got a visit. The last time he came, you took him to the house, as I heard; and as he came out again, I, coming from the village, met him, and my ear caught a sound of hurried hints, much like the tinkling of metal, which I deem was something brighter and more precious than yonder rusty hoop you are handling t' hereupon the youth second smilingly nodded with himself.

"Then wert ever sharp and shrewd, Gil, but shrewdness at times overleaps the mark. Suppose I grant that thy hearing was not at fault, is it to be marvelled at that a falalgo with whom with money upon his person? mistakes the reverses were more open to wonder," observed Vasco, in the same quiet tone, while continuing with his work.

"Come, come, master," said Brax Martins, "'tis no use trying to mystify us. We all know, as well as you, that Don Garcia de Cabreira is your debtor for certain round pieces as bright and yellow as autumn leaves, but something heavier withal. In a word, you dare not deny that a considerable sum of money has passed from your coffer into his pouch."

"Well, granting it were so, methinks there would be no harm in it," remarked Vasco, with a look of surprise.

"That is debatable," replied Brax, "and depends upon how the word is understood. If by harm you mean thus which you are in conscience bound to reveal to the *padre confessor*, then you are right; but if you struggle to hear it, then I'll say harm you would imply damage and injury to yourself, or that upon you and your work."

"Out upon thy subtilties, master Brax! Thou hadst better to the doctors at Coimbra; thy scholarship would be at a premium there," cried Vasco, with glowing cheeks.

"Nay, be not angered, good Vasco; no harm is meant," said Brax, rising and leaving off his work. "But I will speak out, leaving the finest on occasion: beware, Vasco, of your dealings with the Lord of Valverde—I rather mean your loans."

"Berlike, thou takest me for a usurer?" exclaimed Peres, now quite irritated.

"Nay, Vasco Peres has nought of the usurer in him. But surely you did not give the money, and expect to receive it back some day?"

"Why, who says that they will not some round, perlaps?"

"I say so; all who know the Lord of Valverde say so," continued Brax, gaining warm in his turn. "If I did mean some, these things are ever thus, and we plebeians just as eager to fill the part of fools. They are like wagers, save in this, that they earn not a rush for our blood; and they delight in spilling it to see if the color differs not from their own; but they suck ours, thanks to the leech or by fee, by book or by crook, they wring our gold from us as soon as they scent it. When God bless fool, she bore may bid defiance to the hound; but we should have great ill vitals, nor suffer that our savings leave a trail behind when a needy noble is slight at hand. When he does not see noble is slight at hand. When he does not see his opportunity, he scruples not to beg a loan from him he most contemns and lurely designs to cast off when he has got the money. Who has ever seen return, stock and usance? Now credit me, Vasco Peres, thanks to the gallantry of the nobles, the bright glitter of the pieces thou hast let slip will be long away; long, look upon thyself as if nothing were befall thee. The grass love not to be trodden on by noble steeds."

"Trail, man, thou art passing harsh in thy censure," said Vasco, smiling, though his discourse—in which Brax had poured forth the bitterness of his heart—had not the appearance of the upper coat, though a good-hearted fellow at the bottom—had reignited all the ancient enmity's bottom—had reignited all the ancient enmity's between the two, and what then wouldst make them out. The high and the low have their virtues and their bad. It is neither all the pride of blood nor the extent of estate, I consider, but the use the man; and in no condition was it so may, he has my inward respect, if his character can be upheld. Even as in love, he never failed to promise to refund, when his fortunes mended.

"And he seems to be on the high road to improvement, because of the love he bears Gilda, to be much in favor with the king, who prefers him as one of his most gallant knights and valiant counsellors," his whispered about he has won the heart and secured the hand of the fair daughter of Don Rivira Pinto.

"For the matter of the marriage, 'tis false; I know that Don Rivira has rejected his suit," said Vasco, in a positive tone.

"May the day never dawn on which the lovely lady of Ruas bestow her hand upon such a man as the lord of Valverde," exclaimed one of the workmen.

As soon as the name of Dona Rivira had been pronounced, a change came over the expression of the monk, while he bounded across the road and broke in upon the coopers, who appeared astonished at his sudden entrance, as one with whom they were not acquainted. But as that

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moment, and ere any one had spoken, the attention of all was arrested by the loud clatter of horse's heels, as if some one were advancing at full gallop. The next moment a horse, having a lady on its back, swept past the workshop at a furious speed, coming from the direction of the village. This was evidently no idle freak of the rider's: Vasco and his men knew the road and its dangers, and they shuddered.

CHAPTER II.

"He breaths himself that sets good to others."

On seeing the wild pace at which the horse shot by, Vasco and his men rushed into the high road. The animal was already as a considerable distance, galloping on at a desperate pace, while the lady, her long riding habit and her bonnet-hair streaming in the wind, seemed to keep her seat with surprising ease, the only perceptible effort on her part being that of ruling the now unmanageable steed. Recovering from his companions to do nothing that might frighten the latter, Vasco started off, followed by two, still, but soon contracted the quickest of them. All who witnessed the scene felt that it was a chance whether any aid could be given to the rider in time to prevent a catastrophe; for whether the horse kept straight on the road, or took to the left into the forest, it might continue in its frantic career for miles, at the risk of disarming the lady's aids, should it by any chance turn to the right, both horse and rider would inevitably be precipitated into the river.

All of a sudden, the horse, as if startled by something, or perhaps because its rider did not manage the reins properly, took a leap to the right, and Vasco felt a thrill of horror as he beheld the animal plunging headlong down the steep carrying its gentle burden along with it. But when it reached the bottom with the lady, who now uttered cries of distress, fell from the saddle, by accident or motive it was not to record, and dashed for a few seconds, cautious on the water by means of the impediment in its feet and dress. Ere half a minute, Vasco saw her sink under the waves, and, as he thought, never entered every shore; his speed appeared to redouble, and in the lady once again to see her face—now giving fair signs of life and slowly striking down with the current—Vasco was almost on a line with her, and without a moment's hesitation threw himself into the river, swimming towards her. But just as he was about to make a dash at her, the lady disappeared a second time; and Vasco, on reaching the only which marked that spot, saw her struggling for a little while with the current, which was strong, then sink, they finally landed a fish-lady, laying their precious freight upon the grass which grew for the first time on the river's edge.

The rest of the coopers were by this time assembled on the strand, and all of them showed much emotion at what had happened, some of them, at the request of Vasco, pulled off their coats and spread them over the prostrate object of the lady, in order to keep the air from her; and after using her utmost the quantity of water which she had taken in, Vasco and some of his companions set about to try to raise her up, when the monk, who had not been able to keep pace with the rest, arrived on the spot.

"Does the lady still live?" asked he, forcing a passage through the group, who, on seeing who he was, respectfully made room for him.

"I think she is safe, padre, if you will allow us to take her home without further delay," said Vasco, moistening some of the water in his eyes to lift her.

"And pray, my son, who is this young lady?" asked the monk, bending over, and looking into the pale face that lay before him.

"This is the Senhora Donna Elvira Rodrigo——"

"This, Donn Elvira Rodrigo!" echoed the monk, pushing down suddenly her, while a deadly pallor drove from his cheeks the slight flush which had spread over them on seeing with rapidity with which he had been walking: "Take her up at once, my sons—come, quick! quick! there may be no time to lose," continued he, with nervous agitation, as he set the example by giving a helping hand, trembling all the time like an aspen leaf.

"Nay, padre," said Vasco, gently pushing the monk on one side, "there are plenty of robust arms here to do this work. We'll to the house at once, where the lady shall be well cared for."

Elvira's words were pronounced in a tone which was being conveyed at a quick step towards Vasco's habitation, about a mile and a half distant. The monk walked beside her, having hold of one of her hands.

"God be praised!" cried he of a sudden, as a momentary beam of joy flashed across his face. "God be praised, her pulse beats! It is feeble, though, very feeble; cowards, my friends!"

"See, we, the horse! 'tis well the lady kept not so firm a seat as she did on the road; else she had been dead for the fishes."

"Ay, for the horse!" said the monk, under tongue, 'tis, or thou shalt feel the worse for it," said Bene Morlina, raising his fist threateningly against the terrified cooper, and then giving him a rapid glance at the death struggles of the animal, which was then sinking in the water as it was carried along by the current.

At the moment, a horseman was seen galloping at the top of his speed towards the advancing party, and, on reaching them, he proved to be Don Rivin's groom. It was now ascertained from him, that the noble lady of Rana, availing herself of the unusual coolness of the morning, had left her residence, which was two miles from Alcobaça, not merely for the purpose of taking a ride, but also to visit one or two poor families in the neighborhood, where sickness prevailed. After proceeding this charitable act, and on passing by the great square in front of the monastery, she had paid her groom to inquire after the health of the sister, he had been ailing for some days past; and on leaving from the convent, after doing so, she saw some people in the square had informed him that the lady's horse had taken fright and run away with her.

When the coopers and their fair charge were but a short distance from the workshop, a young girl about eighteen or twenty years of age came running up to meet them, followed by a middle aged woman. The former was a brunette with a fresh and charming countenance, which would have been gay and cheerful, but for the look of extreme anxiety it bore. This was Vasco's sister, who alone dwelt in the house with him; for they were orphans of father and mother.

"Virgem sanctissima! for Heaven's sake tell me his no corpse you bring! that the unhero does Elvira still breathe?" exclaimed she.

"Be easy, Violante, my love, there is reason for despair, as yet," replied Vasco; "hasten back; get some blankets ready and prepare everything as quickly as possible; well bear the lady to the sister's chamber."

"And you, Sir groom," added the monk, "your location to the convent, seek out the brother who has charge of the infirmary, inform him of what has happened and request him to lend such aid and counsel as he thinks the case may call for. Be diligent, else your ministress may be the sufferer."

Violante and her companion, a neighbor who had come to offer her services, hurried away, directed obeyed Vasco's injunction, and the groom, without saying anything, ran off in the opposite direction, also hurried away in quest of medical aid from the convent. A crowd of people, particularly women, began to encumber the road, seeing to increase the confusion, some of the more zealous anxiety was more or less stamped on every face; for Don Elvira was beloved by all the neighborhood. After pushing on through this throng of curious and sympathizing beings, and there by a specimen of the male sex, those who have but the power to do mischief, Vasco and at once took her into it. It consisted only of one floor, raised a few feet above the level of the ground, containing several rooms of a moderate size. One of these was entered as a bedroom, the windows of which looked out upon the road; it was simply, though neatly furnished, and was generally used by the monk on his rare visits to time chanced to come to Alcobaça, or when he remained there a couple of days.

Being placed the lady upon the bed, the men retired, leaving her to the care of the two women, who, by the by, were soon to be quite calm again, into another apartment, while Vasco and his companions prepared dried clothes and dining room. The floor was bare and the furniture scanty, consisting of a couple of deal tables, a table in the centre, and several stools ranged along the walls. The kitchen was on a very different pieces of armor and a number of weapons of various kinds, hung against the walls, corners, others hanging from the walls. Before the monk and his companions left the house, Vasco left the room, in order to change his clothes; but returned in a few minutes, and said:

"Thou art an honest, brave, noble-hearted fellow," cried the monk, taking the cooper's hand in his own, and shaking it warmly; "and I am proud to call you my friend."

"Ay, by chance, I was passing near the workshop at a while ago, I certainly had not passed between then and thy workmen. Thy bosom is full of generous impulses, and thou hast a most springing therefrom, must partake of their nature, too. The highest station in society does not always confer the high opinion I already have of thee, and which I shall ever entertain, but it is a worn friend."

"It is an honor I highly prize, father; though I am by no means willing to admit that by what I have done I have done more than any other man would have done, who had seen the poor lady in the state in which I saw her. But, craving your pardon, reverend sir, you have not yet informed me how your sister is, or of Rena, ere since you heard her name. There were evident causes for the lady's sudden illness, which I failed not to notice," nor did Vasco take much trouble to conceal his curiosity.

"Wherefore should I not tell thee, my kind monk, "that I evinced a deep concern on seeing the lady in such imminent peril, seeing one whose works of charity and consist benevolence and love for the poor are the admiration of the whole community? None but those who have seen her can form any adequate conception of the passion when a fellow-creature stands on the brink of danger, and when, by the aid of the boast of stone, as we say by the words he spoke, he was evidently alluding to the miracle wrought by the prophet.

Vasco did not seem altogether satisfied with this reply; but durst insist no further. And after looking steadily for a moment at the calm features of the lady, he turned away abruptly.

"Methought I knew the monks of Alcobaça were well by all, and yet, father, I confess I am not to have seen you before this day."

"I marvel not, my son, that in so large a congregation as ours one or more of the monks should escape the notice of those who, perhaps, possibly when some of us are wont to make long stays at other times than at the present. Of a truth some is fret Lopo dos Santos.—But here comes the lady, and she is still as how I know not."

The monk who entered at this moment, was the one that had been sent from the convent, and who, having found the sister was not necessary for the emergency. He had just visited his patient, and was now returning. Vasco and Vasco that Donn Elvira had recovered her consciousness, and of danger, inasmuch that, his presence being no longer necessary, he was about to return to the monastery.

"Is the lady quite recovered," said frei Lopo? "farewell, friend Vasco. Think you Donn Elvira will return to Alcobaça to-day?"

"Seeing her present state, she is not fit to leave my house, unless attended by a litter and all the morrow," replied Vasco.

"Then the litter shall be sent most probably return after six-matins to see how she fares."

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"Ay, reverend sir," replied Vasco, bowing to the door, when, after asking for their benediction and having blessing over the workmen, he returned to the workshop.

In about a quarter of an hour, Violante made her appearance there, and announced her brother to the presence of the lady, who, on hearing that the latter was almost quite recovered and desirous of speaking to him, desired him to enter, as she thought of returning home.

Elvira Forjaz, attired in some clothes which had been procured from the house of Vasco, which, though neat and tidy, were of a texture coarser and more homely than those to which she was ever worn, was seated in a large chair, with her feet resting upon a stool, and was reclining her head from the effects of the severe shock her frame had recently sustained. Her face was pale, and therefore her rich, glossy hair; while her countenance, though it was not free from traces of sorrow, was yet not so much as to destroy the beauty of expression. Somewhat above the medium height, her figure was symmetry itself, and her direct all her movements.

"Oh, good friend and rescuer! what reward could be equal to the service for which I am indebted to you, seeing that you have so much given me back that which we all value the most—life? None could express the fullness of my gratitude, nor indeed am I fled the words wherewith to convey all I feel," said Elvira, with an expression of heart-felt thankfulness, while extending her small, soft hand to Vasco Peres as he entered the chamber, who, bending down, gently pressed it to his lips.

"Lady," replied Vasco, coloring slightly, "the service which your misfortune called for, and my good fortune put me in the way of performing, is now amply repaid, in finding you so quickly recovered from the accident that befell you just now. I would fain have you consider this humble house as your own, and trust you will honor it with your presence, at least, for the remainder of the morning, lady, I think that prudence counsels this course."

"Indeed, my lady, you're not in a state to venture out as yet," added Violante.

"Nay, my good friends; I shall soon be quite well again. Thanks for your kind offer; but I must return at once to the quinta. To-morrow I leave for Rana, and nothing is yet prepared to receive the sudden receive of also."

"I think you will be unable, on a happy idea, gracious lady," said Vasco; "for this night-fall will be very dangerous on account of the flood."

"It was only this morning I heard of the direction the royal forces are taking, and as this is the shortest road to Rana, and the most inviting, I thought it best to remove to safer quarters. But I have a request to make—it seems ungracious to ask a favor of one who has now rendered me so great a service; and yet there is some one, whom you love, that would not be likely to know of my fate."

"Lady, your slightest wishes are commands for me," replied Vasco.

"Then, my kind maiden," continued Elvira, smiling, and taking the hand of Violante, who was standing by her side, "you must be my messenger, whom kind and gentle hours but already endeared itself even to me. You will not refuse me, I am sure, unless you say nay. The perils that you encountered in the river, and those that you met on the road; it was simply, though nearly fatal, and was generously moved by your heart to run time to time chanced to come to Alcobaça to visit the sister, and remain there for a few days.

Being placed the lady upon the bed, the men retired, leaving her to the care of the two women, who, by the by, were soon to be quite calm again, into another apartment, while Vasco and his companions prepared dried clothes and dining room. The floor was bare and the furniture scanty, consisting of a couple of deal tables, a table in the centre, and several stools ranged along the walls. The kitchen was on a very different pieces of armor and a number of weapons of various kinds, hung against the walls, corners, others hanging from the walls. Before the monk and his companions left the house, Vasco left the room, in order to change his clothes; but returned in a few minutes, and said:

"Thou art an honest, brave, noble-hearted fellow," cried the monk, taking the cooper's hand in his own, and shaking it warmly; "and I am proud to call you my friend."

"Ay, by chance, I was passing near the workshop at a while ago, I certainly had not passed between then and thy workmen. Thy bosom is full of generous impulses, and thou hast a most springing therefrom, must partake of their nature, too. The highest station in society does not always confer the high opinion I already have of thee, and which I shall ever entertain, but it is a worn friend."

"It is an honor I highly prize, father; though I am by no means willing to admit that by what I have done I have done more than any other man would have done, who had seen the poor lady in the state in which I saw her. But, craving your pardon, reverend sir, you have not yet informed me how your sister is, or of Rena, ere since you heard her name. There were evident causes for the lady's sudden illness, which I failed not to notice," nor did Vasco take much trouble to conceal his curiosity.

"And wherefore should I not tell thee, my kind monk, "that I evinced a deep concern on seeing the lady in such imminent peril, one whose works of charity and consist benevolence and love for the poor are the admiration of the whole community? None but those who have seen her can form any adequate conception of the passion when a fellow-creature stands on the brink of danger, and when, by the aid of the boast of stone, as we say by the words he spoke, he was evidently alluding to the miracle wrought by the prophet.

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THE QUAKER BRIDES.

BY MARY C. VAUGHAN.

LETTER I.

Frol. Hallock to Gustava Von Lindaren.

How do I like Eastbrook? Am I bored to death? Why do I wear away my time? And can I talk "tiers" and "shoo" giddily, as you? These questions, my Gustave, seem to form the burden of your letter, but I will answer them in turn.

I like, after a residence of several weeks, I like Eastbrook very much, indeed far better, in fact, than during the early days of my sojourn here.

How do I spend my time? I read, write, dig in the garden, drive with the ladies, yes, ladies, for I have about them presently, converse on politics, and political economy, and the principles of Free Trade, with Mr. Hallock, sometimes take long walks over the hills, &c., &c. Time flies away, and I wish it would fly faster, for then I should have no more all-seems I have ever known.

The family of James Chalbourne consists of himself, his wife, Hannah, a fair, sweet girl, but with an air of purity and goodness that is perfectly bewitching, and Ruth, a tall, queenly girl, and painted old women of the city ball-room, walking advertisements of the cosmetics with which they strive to conceal the ravages of time, lost youth; of his two daughters, Anna and Ruth, his grandchildren, Jeanne Hallock, and Mary Lewis, the children of his deceased eldest sister Hannah Hallock, who now lives with us, but the younger is still at school, and the elder is at Miss Lindley's Seminary.

Until I came here I had always a prejudice against the sect to which the Chalbournes belong. But I can truly say that though I am by no means a convert, I have a sincere respect for members of the sect above all persons I have ever known.

LETTER II.

From Ditsh Chalbourne to Margaret Grey.

MY DEAR MARGARET:—Your letter, perhaps, was surprised at receiving this epistle, at this time, but more especially when from its contents. But my mother, of whose sore illness you have heard, is now convalescent, and I should invite thee hither, then I may, if then you accept the invitation, have the comfort and satisfaction of thy presence, and the benefit of my kind attentions, which, in a strange land, is an event which is soon to occur.

Ere I left you, Margaret, to my later letters, that Frederick Nichols, the son of Edward Nichols, my father's former partner in business, was paying us a long visit. Frederick came to us in the character of a gay and worldly young man. My father received him at the request of his old friend, in the hope that a quiet sojourn with us might be the means of doing him good. And so it was. "Cancers" for him had made her very anxious that he should become

were called in the world, "compliments," and much desired by the women thereof. After I had informed him that many Friends were vain conversation was not permitted, he ceased to trouble me with it, and I was more willing to listen to him when he talked of other things—the countries through which he had travelled, and the wild adventures he had made in his travels—and read to us from the books he had brought with him, such portions as my mother approved.

I cannot tell thee how the change was wrought in me, nor how it came about, but his full and glowing ways, quietly and naturally, at the same time that increasing love for the Society of Friends, to bring me ever nearer to himself in my modes of thought and altered views of the world subject.

To me, truly, he was seems very good, Margaret, though I fear me much that he may yet be tempted to wrong when he returns to the world. But I have enough, cautiously, the inner light, and I verily believe it has taken root in all I have done. My mother's "concern" is removed, and father, though he had promised to see no linked to our own people, desires to be one.

Thou wilt understand, Margaret, that I am to be the wife of Frederick Nichols. We shall be married in a month, and I not only bid thee to the wedding, but I desire it as a favor of thee.

I wish thee, also, to be my bridesmaid, after the ways common, and I envisage me to make choice for mosque which I desire thee, if thou can, to use by purchasing the articles of which you will find a list within. Buy, also, such a gown, and bonnet, and shawl, or dress or garment, as thou and Sarah Stone, whom then to be my second bridesmaid, may think proper for thy own signorilling on the occasion. I will pay you every cent thereof. Let the richest your white silk, for so my mother thinks, and will have it so, and I will gladly, quite plain, for I will have no vain ornaments of any kind.

When thou hast bought these things, leave them with Sarah Stone, who has received directions concerning them, and proceed to Success. We will meet thee, Frederick and I, at the house of Mr. Lewis, on the morning of thy coming, and mother desires me to bid thee welcome beforehand. At her request, the wedding. If he pleases to accompany thee, he will be welcome, and we will be glad to give him a day to rest. Let him please himself.

Thou wilt receive my friendly greetings to thee, and Anna joins me in love to thee, and thy friend Susan. FORWARD.

LETTER III.

Frol. Hallock to Gustava.

Yes, mamma, I am happiest man alive, I repent to myself daily, in this same Frederick Nichols, for your congratulations, and find each words a better foundation in the circle of my friends. You have not taken them almost prophetic. I only regret that the sudden journey you were forced to make prevented your presence at the wedding, for I am to give magnificent, and attendant upon my wife's friend, Miss Margaret Grey. As my groom, I am your wedding. If he pleases to accompany thee, he will be welcome, and we will be glad to give him a day to rest. Let him please himself.

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LETTER V.

Frol. Hallock to Gustava.

* * * Next: eck, dear Frol, we, my comely Margaret, are to be married immediately after our wedding-day. We told you, Frederick, Dinah, and all that London flock, to the East. We are our desire are making ourselves and our house ready against the day. Margaret, will you promise, we bid no others.

* * * Thou hast many years have passed since I went, half eager to see her, half sorry for the separation, from the girl who left her to our Quaker bride.

The twenty years with my card, and I followed closely. A slight, graceful figure, in soft, gray dress, with a white kid glove on her head to mine and welcomed me in her sweet voice and gracious, but cordial words, and I could not take her as to a sister.

Then came Yes Lindors, my husband's cheese friend, I welcome thee for his sake. I can truly say that I like him, I think that I love my bridegroom, which, if God pleases, shall be fulfilled."

And then she died and I was left alone. I had a vision of a tall lady rising from a window seat, clasping a plainly, like the bride. A pair of black and sparkling eyes flashed their glances upon me, a dark olive face bent toward me slightly, curves bands of hair smooth and shining encircled it as a frame; and then a small brown hand was placed in mine, and such, sprightly tones spoke the fair words of welcome.

* * * And then I met my Margaret, my love, my bride, my treasure wife, dearer to-day than ever before, and each day than the last. Fresh then and I must ever bless the house that gave to me Quaker brides!

GUSTAVUS.

(TO BE CONTINUED IN OUR NEXT.)

I SHALL THINK OF THEE, MY BEAUTIFUL ONE

BY FINLEY JOHNSON.

I shall think of thee, my beautiful one,
When the roses their petals shall shed,
When the bashful violet shall hide its head
In the bosom of sweet repose.
And, oh, when the beams of the moon shall fall
On the silvery and murmuring sea,
When sleep on the flow'rets her eyelids lave,
My thoughts shall all wander to thee.

When I shall gaze through glimmering day dream,
And shall list to the songs of mirth;
Oh, then I shall think and ponder on one
Who to me has no equal on earth.
Oh, yes, fear one, my heart is thine own,
No similar wherefore I be;
The lovers is bound to guide my bark
Through the waves of life's turbulent sea.

Let tempests rife its caverns and hoot,
And its waters hide many a reef,
And while above us the skies may seem bright,
We may strike on a rock-hidden deep.
But even then, 'mid the howling waves,
And the grasp of the hungry sea,
I would gaze there on the smiles of hope,
And cleave sing, love, unto thee.

HE CAME IN MERCY.

BY T. S. ARTHUR.

"Elm Grove," nestling against the side of a long range of picturesque hills, that sinks down upon the fruitfullest of valley, was a thing of beauty in the landscape. Its owner, Martin Lyle, a retired man of the middle class, who had spent a third of his fortune in the purchase and improvements on Elm Grove, and in the minds of its ex-rustic Paradise. Taste, pride, and love of nature had, in fact, stimulated his thought, and moved his hand in the work of adornment, until beauty covered all things like a garment. Business became a secondary interest in his daily cares; if gain formed, feeble trade was thrown; the city an offence. And so Martin Lyle withdrew from the active world of life, and retired with his family to Elm Grove.

But from the day of this change in the course of his life, a dimly observing veil seemed to fall on every thing around him. Elm Grove lost its beauty in his eyes. Mr. Lyle moved through his gardens in the groves, in and out among his houses, and tried to free enjoyment; but in this year's interest failed. He was not made for happiness in the excellence of outward, instead of inward life; and having retained the sense of nearly all desirable possessions, was beginning to weigh upon his spirit.

Mr. Lyle was a man of one wife and one person, who live only for themselves and families. On side of his own little world, he had no sympathies. He was a useful man so long as he engaged, or slowly, in business; for then he was a man of selfservice, he became the servant of good to others through the common benefits that flow from trade. But when he retired from business, with the view of simply enjoying himself, he became a drone in society. An idler, for the most part, enlarging the idler's penalty of weariness and unrest.

Mr. Lyle had regretted life, so was it regarded by his family. They did not consider themselves as possessors of the common boon, but as decree investing sustain service. To receive and to enjoy included their whole duty. The use of such talents and skill as they possessed in the work of good to others, was a thought which had never come into their minds. Wealth had given them superiority and immunity; so nothing and so nothing, the possession of wealth was hateful—hateful to their souls, and therefore offensive of happiness.

Daily, through all the luxurious summer, from hundreds of fair fill the words, "How beautiful!" And he hundreds of hearts a pulse of every heart, as eyes dwelt in admiration on Elm Grove and its magnificent surroundings. But with each rising sun daily day of that fruitful summer, leaves grew more and more shadowed in Elm Grove. It had not fulfilled the promise that lured its owner away from the city and its bustling marts.

But separated as Mr. Lyle was from business, no thought of going back found place in his heart. Relieved from that perpetual tension of mind which always accompanies trade, he experienced a kind of negative enjoyment in the comparative idleness, not to be willingly exchanged for the old sense.

Before removing permanently to his elegant country home, Mr. Lyle had, for several years of carefully planned culture, made everything so perfect that little remained to be accomplished. Fruition was now to come. But it was hindrance—strange to the defect of satisfaction. He had little to do, for all was done, and in his ranking that we find real pleasure is the contemplation of what is done.

One day, after the fields had given their harvests to the coopers; after the trees had bestowed their fruit, and the vines their clusters in the late, still autumn time, when the hens grave poverty or sad, so to look on desolate nature, Mr. Lyle sat dreamily gazing forth upon the landscape. He was alone, and had been alone for some time. There was a deeper shadow than usual on his feelings; we no deeper, seeming to convey the impression that he rested now under a shadow all the while. A step approached, but he did not seem conscious the presence of any one. A hand was laid upon his shoulder. He turned, slightly starting, and said:

"Oh, it's you, Harriet!"

"You look sober, dear." What are you thinking about? And Mrs. Lyle sat down by her husband, and looked at him earnestly.

"I feel sober," was the reply.

"What is there to shadow your feelings?"

Mr. Lyle shook his head, and answered, half absent way: "Nothing."

"What have you been thinking about?" Mrs. Lyle repeated her first question.

"About every thing that I do not see clearly," he answered. "I'm afraid, Harriet, that I have not understood life. We have been here I confess that this?" and he swept his hand and eyes around the meadows and woodlands that lay within the compass of Elm Grove. "And yet, since I have tried to enjoy it fully, I seem not to have enjoyed it at all."

There was in the tone and expression of her husband something that seemed to how fear crept through the heart of Mrs. Lyle. She knew that he had not been happy since his retirement from business, and life at Elm Grove; but to utterance to this but hidden fear was to give to a disquiet spirit. What answer could she make? Seem cause to her lips, and as she did so, her gazing upon his shadowed face, and into his strangely gloomy eyes.

"I put my heart in this." And again he swept his hand towards the scenery that surrounded them. "I planned for years over Paradise, into which no evil thing was to intrude. I was so sick even among the luxuries, no man being my peer in happiness. But there was an error somewhere in my calculation. It has not come out as I expected. Ah, me! I do not understand myself!" And laying his head down in his hands, he clasped his temples and sighed heavily.

Ah, how many there are who, like our retired merchant, find life a mystery—how many who, like him, in summing up the result towards which they have been looking with hopeful anticipations, find that there has been an error in the calculation!

Mrs. Lyle sat down beside her husband, strangely questioning in her mind as to the meaning of the state into which he had fallen, and unable to meet it by a single right-spoken word. She drew her hand within one of his arms, and leaned her face against him. A great shadow fell upon her; a low shudder of fear, as though an invisible danger were approaching, crept through her frame.

"What more could I have asked?" Mr. Lyle gave voice to the thought upon his lips. "I have made of Elm Grove all that I designed—all that I desired—and yet, I repeat it, my day is dim, my enjoyment waxes."

But his wife had no perfection for his sick soul. Like him, she had lived only in the outer world; and built upon the foundations of that world.

From that period Mr. Lyle fell into a listless, dreamy state. For hours every day he would sit alone; and if intruded upon, show signs of impatience. All interest in Elm Grove departed; though he retained every effort of his wife and daughters to gain his consent to a removal. The winter then following was a season of sad spiritual experiences to the family. Trouble came in two appalling shapes. In widdershins from business, Mr. Lyle had left four-fifths of his capital in the firm, besides retaining an interest. Through bad debts and failing speculations, it happened that the entire capital was lost. The balance-sheet and account of stock taken in January, revealed a startling fact. The firm was bankrupt! The announcement of this disaster, coming as it did upon a mind already in a broad condition of mind, swept away the last remaining prop of self-love, and left him helplessly down the stream of life.

It is difficult to describe the deeper despair than that into which Mr. Lyle and her two daughters were suddenly plunged. The fact had been announced, in any time for a total loss. But the darkness that surrounded them, no path was visible; no light appeared. For a little while they sat down with folded hands, helpless and surprises.

But love is a vital thing; and love soon stirred the thought of life in the heart of one. "Harriet, my mother came; and, as her soul sat listening in the silence and darkness of grief, the voice of her heard voices never heard before, and a speech of never and before unspoken words, like the silvering, thin glimpses of an inner world, and of ears and souls in full communion, fell upon her ear. Love made living's sense of duty. In her hour of utter weakness, strength from born—born of God's spirit as it moved over the face of the deep was in her soul.

The form of Mr. Lyle's beauty was an impediment to his recovery. Instead of being in the midst of were no lurid gleams of blind passion, nor exhibition of a wayward will, to be overcome. His was harmless, and yielded almost implicitly to his will. He was not, therefore, removed to an asylum.

The work of fortune was complete. Elm Grove passed into the hands of the man who came back to the city; but how different their position from that occupied a little while before! Then, only the question of how to enjoy life occupied their thoughts; now, that of the necessity of sustaining life.

Where an earnest purpose to do exists, ways and means usually appear, though not always in the direction expected. No only did Lyle's go to the mother in darkness, but to her two daughters, Grace Hartley, and Ellen, in their minds and hands; and as by these others did useful service to each, and, through them, to the balance of life came, might not they do useful service also? The question was not long in coming on an affectionate heart, and through helplessness, and their mother's prove, was in over pressed action. Not more than a day in addition, and are a twelvemonth passed from the time they left Elm Grove, they were living, by fair exertion of their talents, in a small house laying them, in cases of hope and thankfulness, in the possession of a small home.

A new sphere of life was gradually developed from a new order of life in the family. The closer bound family. The light which had shone in upon them, now, all in all, and, in their hearts with new utterances which had come to them in the silence of their sorrow, they went out to others with increasing brightness, and to speak in a language understood by many. They saw into the world of thought and motive, and understood life from higher principles. Existence had gained a new and higher meaning.

How tenderly, how devoutly, how generously did love minister to the spirit of the father! It had been stricken in the prime of manhood. All they had had to do for him was to minister to his life, was as nothing to their loss of his finer reason and higher consciousness. But the success and tenderness of a mother seeking to touch the spirit of her child, that she may bring back to unison in his mind the orderly activities of co-consonance. And did not Martin Lyle did not lie fruitless. Oh, with what thrills of gushing gratitude did they hail the first self-returning reason! How toil grew light, and self-denying, as they saw order and life slowly drop away from his eyes, and his vision grow more and more clear!

There was a new element in the life of this family upon which their higher life was dependent. Misfortune is a wise teacher; but unless held in acknowledged subordination to that which occupies the wisdom that comes from God, the teaching but little avails. It availed here, because the new element was in harmony with the abiding place with Mrs. Lyle, and proved by spiritual manifestations of the power of the Comforter. There had been loss and gain; but, in adversity, they had gained the best things of this life.

One day, it was nearly two years from the time when darkness fell upon them so suddenly, Mrs. Lyle received by the mail a letter, her eldest daughter, an alone. She held a note in her hand, and sat looking at it for a long time, with a quiet smile on her womanly face.

"This is from Henry Lyle," said Mrs. Lyle, holding out the note.

Instantly a warm flush mantled the daughter's brow.

"It is worthy, my child, and I cannot answer nay." Mrs. Lyle bent down and kissed her, and then received the hidden face on her bosom.

"And, oh, mother!" said Mrs. Lyle, in a little while afterward. "A very sad thing."

"What is it, dear?" Mrs. Lyle was growing reminiscence of Grace.

"Mr. Lyle received the newspaper in her hand, and read:

"Theodore Fleming was arrested at his home last evening, charged with participation in a system of gigantic swindling operations recently exposed. The proof of its complicity are single. He has only been married a few months to the daughter of a prominent citizen. The circumstance he deeply shocked our community."

Mrs. Lyle looked up as she finished reading. The countenance of Grace was deadly pale.

"My daughter!" she said, dropping the paper and drawing an arm around Grace; "Theodore Fleming is nothing to you?"

"Nothing, mother," was calmly answered. "Nothing now. When misfortune fell upon my life, he turned away coldly, and made his promise false. Oh, thank God for misfortune!"

"Yes, thank God, my child! His ways are in the dark; they are past finding out; but His steps are sure. He comes to us ever in mercy, leading us by ways that we know not."

The door opened, and the placid face of a servant appeared. "Mr. Lyle is in the office," she said, which the light of reason shone—not with the strong light as of old, but steady and full of promise.

"Have you heard the news about Fleming?" he asked.

"I was just reading it to Grace," replied Mrs. Lyle, for her manner was looked cautiously and half in doubt at Grace. Then crossing the room, and laying her hand upon the letter, uttered these words:

"Harriet, it is all clear enough by and by, darling. God is good, and will make it plain. He is ever to be trusting our right, as mother said it would come," glimmering with a look of loving confidence exchanged in his wife. "I thought we would have killed me, when the blow came. Ah well, dear? Never mind. There's something good in store for us."

And there was, in a truer, higher, and more heavenly life, by means of daily duties, they entered more and more. They had gone down, in the depths of sorrow and grief, and by the way, arising on the other side, to their feet, with the light of new knowledge in their faces, far-reaching summits angels have their dwellings-ness. Yes, God, in his providence, had come to them in mercy; and while removing the incumbrances on which their house was builded, and letting the fair structure fall into hopeless ruin, was preparing for them a more enduring arms. He cast down that he might raise them up. He took away that he might bless them. Through the marvellous radiance of the upper world.

Wealth never came back to them, nor did the mind of Mr. Lyle gather up its full strength again. But a new sweet peace was given to his pathway and loving self-devotion they builded better than they knew. Their children rose around them, earthly storms might beat in vain, for they were founded on a rock.

AN ADVENTURE IN LA PLATA

The Indians occupying that vast region in the interior of South America, designated generally on the maps of that country as *El Gran Chaco*, are the Abipones, Mocobis, Tobas, Payagua, Guaycurus, and, like the Comanches, Arapahoes, Kiowas and Cheyennes of our own country, the hostile tenants of the frontiers in continual alarm.

Each of the great tribes has its own peculiarities in that country, a party of these savages made a foray upon the plantations in the vicinity of Santiago, murdered the men, made prisoners of the women and children, drove off a large herd of cattle, and returned to their homes in the north.

Before the light of the burning dwellings was discovered by the citizens of Santiago, a body of twenty mounted men, under command of my good friend, the governor, Don Tobalo, who invited me to accompany him.

We were all well mounted on fresh horses, and we were rewarded by the silent weapons of the Indians, and some of our horses were rendered useless.

"The dogs are doubtless hailing ourselves in such a manner that we can easily overtake and give the order to increase our speed; scarcely had the words been uttered when the barking of the magnificent grove, than a shout from the savages announced that they had seen us and were in sight of them. They had evidently discovered us while we were hailing the dogs, and into the recesses of the forest, leaving, in their haste to escape with their prisoners, many of the articles they had stolen from us.

"Forward!" shouted the commandant, and after a hard gallop of about two hours, we came in sight of the dust of the flying savages. Their horses were jaded, and many of them themselves, with their captives before them, urging on their dilapidated steeds upon us. Some were choice animals, and we soon perceived that they had been stolen from the estates of the Indians, too, were aware of this, and as the mists of the dust that enveloped the fugitives opened a narrow lagoon, a portion of them halted, and the rest of the party dashed on in the direction of the passage with us.

"Halt!" was the word to wait, for with a cheering shout, our brave fellows were upon them, dealing death with their lances and sabres, and the rush among the savages, who kept their ground, and had gained considerable advance—which appeared to be the sole object of the fugitives. Their horses were so much worn out by long through the lagoon, spurred away after their companions, the rest of their number being shot dead and hardly wounded. Spurring through the lagoon, we were soon in hot pursuit of the fugitive Indians. Notwithstanding two or three of our horses were mired in the lagoon, they refused to return, but continued to keep close on the trail of the savages.

Our horses, by this time, began to show signs of fatigue, and we could see that they would be halloped. The Indians, during the chase, had thrown off their heavy cloaks and their weapons, and these detentions gave to opportunities to our party to gain upon them. Our horses, however, were strewed with saddles, skins of animals, hides and other trappings of the Indians; while, in the midst of the confusion, we saw a woman fall from the herd, for in their anxiety to escape, they left everything in order to recover them.

Fatigued as were our horses, we were gradually coming up with the savages, when suddenly, to our astonishment, a body of Indians came in our sight. We had come upon the edge of a large plain, covered with the tall grass and stormy shrubs, and sparse grass, whose luxuriance indicated the richness of the soil beneath. Leaving the cattle, they had plunged, with their horses, into the thick, tall grass, disappearing, and we were forced to relinquish all further pursuit.

For the time, the Indians were safe. But we succeeded, after some labor, in collecting several hundred head of the stock, and after reaching the edge of the forest, halted to refresh our exhausted animals. We had ridden them most of the distance at the top of their speed; and I was astonished, when informed by the governor, that we were now more than one hundred and thirty miles from Santiago—such is the endurance and bottom of the noble little horses of the Argentine Pampas.

After slaughtering a bullock, and roasting the meat, we partook of a hearty meal, followed by a siesta, beneath the fragrant shadows of the blossoming mimosas, and lulled by the pampa breeze, singing among the drooping fronds of the magnificent palms. Our wearied horses cropped with greedy jaws the luxuriant grass, and by the time we had refreshed ourselves with sleep, the animals were ready for remounting.

Selecting a small party of gauchos to return with the recovered cattle, Don Tobalo, with the others, and myself still accompanying him, struck off in a south-easterly direction across the plain, toward the nearest known frontier military post. Here he said, he intended to dismount his party on fresh horses, and with a re-enforcement, accompanied by a guide, named Pepe, who had been a prisoner among the Abipones, and was well acquainted with all the country of the Indians, he intended to make one more attempt to rescue the unfortunate women and children from their savage captivity.

It was dark by the time we had reached the post, and after a supper of the eternal roast beef we made our way into the arch corner without the palisades, and slept soundly till awakened by the cheerful notes of the reveille; when, partaking of a cup of the refreshing maté, we were once more in our saddles for another pursuit of the savages.

Mounted on a rapid rate, (for South American horses ride at a less speed than a gallop) we soon left the station below the Indians in our rear, and once more came in sight of the long line of pasta fronts, into which we had ridden in our first pursuit of the Indians. But something the time we had previously visited Pepa led the party in a more southerly direction, by which, he said, we would avoid the lagoons, and by a newer course strike the lake, where we should find the Indians encamped. In this lage, where we would be likely to find the enjoyment of fresh horses. Then we galloped along through the shadowy streams the setting day. After reaching the interior of the forest, a halt was ordered, and eating our horses, we prepared to spend the night here, and before the dawn of day, to continue our journey, and the continuance of our rapid ride.

We had been in our saddles almost two hours when our advanced scouts rode back with the intelligence that they had discovered a band of the Indians, there being cattle and horses grazing near the margin of the forest, where the pampas, or rather a narrow belt of it, separated from the forest the wooded banks of the lake on which Pepe asserted was their principal village.

After a few hurried orders from Don Tobalo, we were again flying—a full gallop toward the opening of this grassy belt, and on reaching it, we could perceive a line of the savages hastening to receive us, as they were but partially concealed in the timber.

We had no doubt the object of the wily savages was to give us fight, while the prisoners were hurried away to the lake, and launching their skiffs on the farther side of the lake.

But no order was given to charge through this picket, or advance guard of the Indians, and we rode through them at full speed.

In gallant style the men obeyed unhesitatingly, and with loud shouts and the discharging of firearms, we cut our way through the naked savages, many of whom fell dead or wounded, and dog to the ground, while some few of our fellows were wounded by the blunt weapons of the Indians, and some of our horses were rendered useless.

Upon the margin of the little lake, the main body of the savages, who had had time to withdraw with the captives before we were upon them, had assembled in front of their huts, and, at a moment's delay hence, stood in no way to receive our charge.

Our bugle was halted within pistol shot of them, and an interpreter was sent forward to demand the surrender of their captives.

"By San Antonio, never!" was the reply of an old, white-haired chief. "We will die to a man, but the prisoners you shall never have!"

While this parley was being held, we could see that the captives were rationed under guard within the huts, and from the open doors, through the crevices of the reed lodges, stealthily peered the women and children.

The Indians, expecting a charge, such as had been made by Lord Cardigan at Balaklava, stood firmly in their tracks, and presented the points of their long lances, with the end of the shaft planted obliquely in the ground. But the order to charge was not given, and the wild scene of carnage about into their ranks. The Indians, not expecting this, were taken by surprise, and fled, in a confused mass, to the edge of the lake, where, among themselves with cobble stones, and some a dangerous attack upon us. In the confusion of the moment, and I was much surprised at the coolness and considerable loss.

"We will all their cowage, they were not a match for the well-armed soldiers, and soon were flying in all directions. Many were killed among the huts, where we rationed from firing, for fear of wounding the captives, while others flew to the cover of the woods.

Among the latter was a tall, light-skinned fellow, who, at every shot discharged at his, would fall to the ground, and when I supposed he had been mortally wounded, would spring to his feet, and with a yell of defiance, fly from cover. But after shot of the lately charged escapes from our fire without injury, when, at length, Don Tobalo rode up to me, and exclaimed:

"Good Medico! that fellow is no Indian; he is a Portuguese, and a bad man—a noted trader and criminal, who has been long suspected of, and has taught these people many cavilries. Now is the time to shoot the rascal! your rifle never misses."

In compliance with this request, I levelled my gun upon the fellow, as he was dodging from tree to tree. He saw my intention, and throwing up his hands, cried out:

"Don't kill me, Medico! I am no Indian, but a captive!"

"He lies! the rascal!" shouted the governor. "Give him your bullet, mi amigo!"

I, had drawing back upon the fellow, so as not to strike a vital spot, I fired and brought him to the ground, wounded. He was secured, and afterward conveyed to Santiago, where he suffered the penalty of his crimes.

The fight was over, our noise and firing was the death of only three or four of the savages, while their lodges were surrounded by the women and members of the legions, leaving us in possession of all their captives.

Our gauchos were not long in gathering up the herds belonging to the Indians, and separating the women and children, we returned in triumph to Santiago, where we arrived after an absence of little more than three days, having ridden in that time over three hundred miles, and, besides the captives, rescuing several thousand head of cattle and horses.

GOOD FRIENDS.—"Sambo, is your master a good farmer?" "Oh, yes, massa, fine, fine farmer—he make two crops in one year." "How is that, Sambo?" "Why, he sell all his hay in de fall, and make money once; den in de spring he sell de hides of de cattle dat die for want of de hay, and make money twice."

WIT AND WISDOM.

ORIGINAL AND SELECTED, WITH PARAGRAPHS FOR THE CURIOUS
BY GEO. P. PHOENIX.

If with one effort you should raise a tree twenty feet high, so as to make it forty feet high, you would not do more violence to its roots than you do to society, when you attempt suddenly to elevate it above its former level.

Ambition and pride are often united; the Spartan boy was dishonest enough to steal a fox, but proud enough to let the beast eat into his vitals sooner than honor dishonour.

The eagle would be starved if he always scored shell against the sun. The bird of wisdom flies and seeks a better food than fame.

Good lawyers are often bad legislators; many know entirely what has been established, and very reluctantly what ought to be.

The wisest heads of ages events lie near the surface; literature always dates too deep to find them. No history was ever true.

The high that rises at the thought of a friend may be almost as genial as his voice. 'Tis a touch that some relish to touch from their own completion.

Whether are by-paths on the declivity of imagination, the weaker travellers to the north or to the stronger in the vale of reason.

The happiest of children is not that which loves first parents; it is that which Death has fawned on and taken away.

A Christian's life is laid in the loom of Time in a pattern which does not seem to the opinion of the last to wear.

It is better to meet danger than to wait for it. A ship on a lee shore stands out to sea in a storm to escape shipwreck.

Where some people make a great deal of you, they will be sure to want to make a great deal out of you.

A man reason why adversity often makes a man second is that it makes him object—and thus subject.

Most of the political editors must certainly be contemplated, for they are very often seen.

A contented old bachelor of our acquaintance, wherever he is intimidated, denies himself married; he considers himself a married philosopher.

Some men's souls carry the atmosphere about them, and they live under perpetual rain-cloud after death.

The Indian must be great heroines, if we may judge from the manner in which we occasionally hear of their exploits.

It is generally as true of those who are dogs to their masters as it is of the dogs to the humane use of their fellows does.

Ambition, instead of having no souls, have several spines; each human is a soul of itself.

A woman's love is like the sun's scene, nor do a thousand reeds make a tempest.

There are fantastic preachers who seem to think that sermons are like pulpit-cushions.

Laws and institutions, like clocks, must occasionally be cleaned and wound up, and set right.

Some minds, if we may judge from the froth and scum they throw up, must be in a state of fermentation.

Sleep opportunity by the forelock, if you can; for bald behind it is ever to be caught.

It seems a paradox, that, if men hate at all, they should hate *right* and not *left* wrong.

Conscience, the surveyor, and the fatherman ought not to be finished.

CURRENT ITEMS.

A well-dressed woman entered a little girl, her years old, whom she found playing before her parents door, and proposed to go off with her. The little creature coolly and promising to be a nice girl, if she would buy her a doll baby. The mother of the child was present, and was highly pleased with her daughter and was about handing the woman over to the police, when she begged so hard to be let off, that she promised that she finally relented and permitted her to go with her.

A Yorker had, about ten years old, whose pecuniary affairs were in a prosperous state. Upon his father's shut one day lately, and began to "play selling." Soon he had a customer, to whom a boy who declared to be sold, just to have a little fun with the boy he had been playing with, whereupon the customer pointed "dear head" on him and stepped on the spot, which, being a soft, yielded to the weight of the child, at once through the man's hat, but luckily did him no harm.

A Dutchman, who was very illiterate, in a small boat one thoroughfare, got into a fight one morning recently, in which he was beaten by a number of young apprentices of them, locked in each other's arms fell overboard, whereupon the Dutchman stepped off and left them to get out as best they could, which they at last succeeded in doing, to the great amusement of the crowd, which had to the spectacle of the rencounter of the gang, which led to the apprehension of the Dutchman and considerable fun.

A German peddler, while passing through a village with his stock, on a certain day village he sought to institute New Hampshire, was attacked by a bear, and in the course of the encounter that he was forced to crawl into the roof, had a farmer who was passing and set him free from his perilous fix. The animal, however, after turned out to hunt for the bear, which they found in the woods, and killed, from wounds received by the bear with his teeth.

In a number of children were playing in Venice street one day lately, and one of them, a little girl, was engaged in the boy building some fishing nets, and the other two pieces of wood in the children, hooked down and injured from of them seriously—the boy's leg and the girl's arm—so that neither could survive. The perpetrators of the outrage escaped without punishment.

An Englishwoman, but recently arrived in this country, commenced an outside as a laundress by town, one night a short time since, by taking up visitors; and, after she had gone to sleep, manufactured at set mending suspended threads in tastefully and total lack of the proper materials.

According to late news from Utah, published in a Mormon paper, the Indians and the whites are just getting as peaceably as Belgium Trapp supposed they would. The savages are learning to "apply the whites" on all sides, and it is possible that a war of extermination may be the result.

A little girl, five years old, whose parents live in Brooklyn, was playing with a kitten at a window blind in the second story, and was quite amused with her pet. She leaned back by the sash, lost her balance, fell to the ground, and striking her head upon a stone step, was instantly killed.

An Indian man, whose skin was accompanying his face by the name of Jim Cincinnati, for the purpose of having his treated for his malady, jumped off the steamboat at the foot of Canal street, and swam ashore, and was killed by the blows which he received as the wharf passed over him.

A nunnery of strawberry was recently found in a field in Jersey City, and, on more than close, and a couple of them picking, when a cow and falling heavily upon them, injuring so seriously as to have to be taken to the hospital.

A quintuple of ruffians, meeting a woman in Grand street, one evening after dark, insulted her, whereupon she struck the gallot of her parasol into the eyes of one of them to such an extent as probably to extinguish that orb, and next time hitting away with a composite at his brain.

The body of a woman arrayed in rather fashionable and costly attire, was found floating in a slip on the East River, one morning recently; there was nothing about her that afforded a clue to her identity.

A seamstress, whose lover had borrowed all her hard-earned savings and then absconded, killed herself by taking a dose of laudanum, one night recently at her mother's residence in South Brooklyn.

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ROBERT BONNER, Editor and Proprietor.

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GERMAN NOTIONS FOR THE ARMY.

It is generally conceded that the German soldiers of our army have proved themselves, so far, excellent campaigners. Their courage has been extremely well regulated and pleasant, and the bonds of the union has strongly attached thus that of the other troops. One fine regiment, for example, (the Fifth New York Militia,) returned home, after three months' service in the field, without having lost a man, after having a man sick, and with the great majority of the men in better health than when they left New York. So avers their regimental surgeon, Dr. Carl Heine, in his official report. And yet for seven weeks that regiment lived on Meridian Hill without tents, and without being able, in all respects, to carry out their sensible German notions.

The same Dr. Haase gives the government the benefit of his experience, in a few simple but important recommendations. He is afraid of the opinion that, though Uncle Sam supplies food, it has not been himself that furnishes coffee. Bad cooking, he says, is the curse of our army. He advises that company kitchens be finally abolished, and the cooking for a whole regiment be done in a regimental kitchen, superintended by a professional cook, aided by ten soldiers. One good cook can superintend as many as one or a thousand men with perfect ease; but so long as every company of sixty or seventy cooks its own kitchen and its own equal of ignorant cooks, the army cannot expect to be supplied with proper food. Dr. Haase says that he has known a company of sixty men to be supplied and brought under medical care in one afternoon by a badly cooked dinner. A man unacquainted with cooking will make the coffee so strong that no one can drink it, and, the next morning, another extreme cook, accustomed to avoid the error of his predecessor, will make it so weak that no one will want to drink it. The remedy for these and all other errors of the same kind is, regimental kitchens, and a well-paid, professional cook over each.

Dr. Haase thinks that the German bread is better for soldiers in the field than the bread now served out. German bread is made of rye, and is cheaper than our bread, and has the property of keeping tolerably fresh for several days.

One suggestion dropped by our German physician is well worthy the consideration of the Surgeon-General of the army. Every man, he says, whether officer or private, musician or sabbaton, on going into action, should be required to carry about his person, in some designated place, a bandage four yards long and three inches wide, and a small quantity of lint, the whole compactly folded and fastened with the four pins. A surgeon would then never lose a patient, for want of a bandage, and in a vast number of cases, the wounded man himself, or his comrades, could apply the bandage at once, and stop a dangerous effusion of blood.

SKIRD BERRY.

Business again moves with healthful impulse in its wonted channels. The tide of traffic does not indeed rush, and surge, and foam; it flows quietly, evenly, and with a depth and force unusual on its surface. This is well. We are learning to accommodate ourselves to the new state of things, and to exercise a discretion in our expenditures that many of us ought to have exhibited years ago. Necessity is no mild-and-water mother of chicks, but her sons. Her sons are often wholesome and profitable.

The confidence, whose province is to be no miserable and mute others so, foretold that about this time there would be a great commercial collapse, but in the face of their predictions we have a very fair boil trade. This must be pleasant to everybody who transverse our leading business streets, including Broadway. Nor is there anything surprising in the fact. People must eat, and wear clothes, and to do so we. Hundred-dollar pockets handkerchiefs and thousand-dollar hose dresses may not be in request, but such diamonds may be "sold" costly upholstery and furniture too beautiful to be handled may be "heavy," and for luxuries in general there may be "unusually light." Probably it is so. If not it ought to be. But it is a natural reaction—the articles of necessity and comfort—there is, so we are informed, about this time every year, our glorious harbor, in addition to the legitimate trade of the port, has an inconsiderable amount of commerce that, under different circumstances, would have found its way to New Orleans, Charleston, Savannah and other emporiums, no longer the healthful this great city exhibits at its wharves, in its stores and warehouses, and on all its streets and avenues, is a most creditable appearance of vitality. If New York is a "sick man," it cannot be thing of with a very fine air of roiling robust and healthy. Moreover, we are determined that Philadelphia and Boston are equally prosperous, and that the same is true of the great cities of the West.

The Sabbath in Gen. Banks's command is kept with great exactitude. No business not actually necessary is transacted, and in most of the regiments, religious services are held at least once during the day. The only music by the band is that adapted to the occasion.

The above remarks we copy from an exchange. In a division of the army where religious duties so well observed, as might be expected, all other days are well and profitably spent. Praying soldiers are the best fighters. We are quite sure, in building brilliant castles in the air, Gen. Banks and the troops under his command.

—The story entitled "Vasco Peres: *The Cooper of Alcobaça*," which we commence in this number of the Ledger, is a romance of the Christic Age, and abounds in wild adventure, high-colored courage, heroic exploits, and romantic womanly beauty and devotion, which were characteristics of those warlike and stirring times. History—especially the history of war—furnishes more interesting romances than the most prolific and brilliant imagination.

OFFICERS' DRILL.

There is one way, and but one way, in which a regiment of volunteers can become a regiment of soldiers. It is summed up in two words, Officers' Drill.

Every one has heard of the Lancasterian method of teaching school. A thousand children having to be taught by one teacher, could learn little from him directly, hence the Lancasterian system of teaching by a corps of monitors, who alone receive direct instruction from the teacher.

The Lancasterian system must be applied to the great business of converting our volunteers into good soldiers. The officers must first be taught, and then they must teach what they have learned to the men.

It is a fact within the personal knowledge of many of our readers, that a majority of the officers of our regiments know scarcely anything of their new vocation when they first commenced it. We have known men to be elected captains who could not get a corporal of soldiers round a brick-pile without help. They actually would not have known what orders to give, nor when to give them, nor whether, if given, they were correct. Many of them cannot teach until they have been taught.

It is humiliating to see men, have had more experience in such matters, that officers' drill, and officers' drill only, can make soldiers out of men so commanded. Every day, according to these conditions, the officers should assemble, all shoulder muskets, and submit to an hour's exercise as privates. Then the corps should assemble a second time for half an hour's verbal instruction. Then it should be dismissed, and a whole brigade or division should meet for a two hours' regimental drill. Having learned the rudimentals of military art in a lesson under, they could then assist in commanding the men in battalion.

By means of officers' drill, a single thorough soldier could, in six months, convert a whole regiment into good soldiers.

A VEXATIOUS QUESTION.

Mr. Ledger—Sir: I have not seen my way to write on—just—this, who are sent out—to teach children—or—to teach—the—children—to—read—and—write—the—common business and affairs? To have one's children—taught, and, after a while, to see them—not—able—to—do—anything—is enough to drive a person frantic. Cannot you—through your paper—find out—and give a subscriber some degree of consolation? Please do, and much oblige.

Before attempting to reply to our correspondent's question, we must ask him to put on his ruffle or slays her children, or twitches them by the ears, or shakes them, or does anything else in the nature of guidance with them? To have one's children—taught, and, after a while, to see them—not—able—to—do—anything—is enough to drive a person frantic. Now, we are not sure that we can do that, but we will endeavor to do it. Our correspondent does not state whether the mother's affection for her children, or the father's pride in their intellects, or envy? Such expectations are very futile. It is impossible to prevent servants from occasionally exhibiting their natures. Committed to their care; in fact, as human nature is, in the present state of society, it is impossible. "Some excellent mother is probably ready to give her son, making their coffee *pernicious, to almost everything else*, servants are generally ill-treated. They know better; and if they do not, their children should be visited with instant dismissal.

DISCIPLINE.

Twenty policemen, under a compact body, moving as by one impulse and acting upon a pre-arranged plan of action, will disperse a mob of a thousand men and arrest and bear off its ringleaders. Each one has the effect of concert of action and oneness of purpose, and these are among the results of discipline. It is the dispensation in our public schools, in our factories and workshops, and in every well ordered family. We feel the want of it in the world at large, and ourselves, accordingly as we have learned to control our impulses and to act in accordance with to outrage propriety and decency without let or hindrance. It is the moral discipline of life, the individual can render his mental and moral endowments available to the great ends of his material ends, and it is only by physical discipline that great ends of moral and social progress are irresistible armies.

The confidence with which disciplined inferior military organizations is wonderful. A body of troops perfect in all the manœuvres of the field and competently commissioned, may be led to the most desperate attempts and to the most perilous exigencies with the battle of Bunkhara. Men could like this "instinct of discipline," as the phrase is wrong. The pride and confidence which the consciousness of discipline inspires carry "crack" corps and regiments through storms from over the mouths of batteries, and into collision with lines of bayonets.

YOUNG LIFE.

No wonder that old people love to have the young around them. They see their own feelings, their own ringing laughter, to be their chosen advisers in difficulty, their companions in disappointed politics. It is not merely that children are bringing with them a fresh deference and confidence, but chiefly because they represent to us with life, as elements of which age feels the decay in every pulse and fiber, the hope and vein, that their presence is delightful to those whose journey's end is near at hand. Old people love to see the sunbow of life's evening, if its monotony be relieved by the many-colored shred which is presented, by the merry words and happy smiles of childhood.

All old folks, whose privilege is to be surrounded by their children or grandchildren, can echo this witness reservation. And let us whisper in the ear of all countenances, that cultivating this nothing will supply the place of children to the days of their grandchildren. Old folks lady, use positive, nor any dumb creature, be it bird or beast, which is not caressed, and welcomed and true, waiting still for some divine presence, which shall be to them as a new day of appearance, and come to them at last. And you, Mr. Bachelor, enamored of personal independence, determined never to surrender your life easy, and unable to discover what "the fools get married for," do you suppose that anything you give yourself credit for now enjoying, will compensate you for the loneliness that will fall upon your witless, childless age, when the freedom of the nightclub is no longer worth a dull, and champagne suppers, and all the cloisters of bachelor dissipation can charm not stimulate nor move?

LOVE IN THE PALACE.

BY JOHN S. C. ABBOTT.

Four hundred years ago a king, by the name of Louis, was born upon the wild throne of Hungary and Poland. He had two daughters, Maria and Hedwige, between whom, at his death, he decided to divide his realms. This magnificent country for the young princess Maria became her his palace, from all the ambitious courts of Europe. Sigismund, son of the king of Hungary, was the hand of Maria, and the crown of Hungary was her dowry.

Austria then consisted of a conglomeration of provinces which had been united under the dignity of a kingdom. Leopold, one of its noblest duties, whose rule was extended over a portion of Switzerland and the Tyrol, was quite overthrown with the second the pledge of the hand of Hedwige, with the crown of Poland, for William, his eldest son.

Hedwige was a maiden of wonderful beauty, and rare accomplishments for that age. William was also a young prince of such remarkable personal attractions, and of such intellectual culture and endowments, that he was generally known by the epithet of William the Delightful. He was the favorite son of his father, and, naturally, in the polished court of his uncle Alfred, was admired by Verona, who reminded his envy over the Austrian provinces of the Danube. William and Hedwige were betrothed before they had seen each other. The young Polish princess was brought to Vienna to pass a few months in the dazzling palace of that voluptuous court. William she saw from the splendid mansion in Switzerland, and met her there. With them both it was love at first sight. Seldom have very many months of courtship been so blissfully blended.

The festivities of brilliant entertainments, in which the young lovers met, participating in those joys which were the delight of the court of love, with no jealousies to disturb their peace, and no hearts to cloud the fears, the course of true love did indeed seem to run smooth. Amidst the splendors of the court, the young princess was a rare spectacle of fond hearts throbbing lovingly. Hedwige, since Bonaparte, was wedding was called known by the sickness of her father. She was hardly more than a child when she left her father died, and she was insensibly recognized and crowned with the Polish princess, receiving the most enthusiastic greetings of her subjects. Immediately after her arrival preparation for her marriage with William.

The marriage festivities were on immense scale. Limbach, embracing sixty miles square miles, and renowned for terroristic wealth and splendor, was the city. The king of Bohemians, not more than half civilized, and ignorant as Scythians, were there with their wives through his black forests. He was, withal, an honest, kindly man, and his queen was very anxious to unite Poland and Lithuania under its sway, for her wealth and influence. Her own native lands to Poland, by which measure Poland would be strengthened by the union. It was a Polish fiefs offer, which three ground nobles could not refuse. To the nuptials of Hedwige and William he presented the Christian bishops of Poland, that the Roman Catholic religion would renounce paganism and embrace Christianity.

The bishops and the barons met in secret council. Paganism, they knew, if this step was taken, would never be revived. If this step was to be taken, it was to be taken at once. Hedwige was a woman of wonderful beauty, and was also a woman of wonderful beauty, and was also a woman of wonderful beauty, and was also

MY LITTLE LOVE.

BY ALICE CARY.

The woods are black behind and before—
The sombre hush sinks on 'ill' floor;
And tik rose is just beginning
From th' bush'ls the window all red to start,
And I say as I look in it, that is my heart!
For out on th' grass by the open door
My little love sits spinning.

All in th' shade where th' doe-barks grow
Lieth a water sluggish and low,
And in thy is just beginning
To open her white leaves here by hour—
I see the silken pearl, she is th' flower,
And my thoughts fall alway, pon as snow,
Where my little love sits spinning.

The woods are black as black can be,
But through them sometimes spoke s' th' sun,
And the tide is just beginning—
There lieth a shell on th' sand apart,
And a wave is leaning her way to its heart,
And th' shell is I, and th' wave is she
That sits at the door-side spinning.

EUDORA;
OR,
THE FALSE PRINCESS.

BY MRS. SOUTHWORTH,
AUTHOR OF "THE HIDDEN HAND," "THE DOOM OF DEVILS," "LOST HEIRESS," ETC.

CHAPTER XXIX.

What hours she had—night stood
The opening of the arch's dark door,
Gazing, and making room for more.
Quickly she passed, and to her hands on high
Held up a starry, still, expiring cry.
Mrs. Hemans.

Eudora slept long and calmly, and awoke early on Tuesday morning, the last day of her allotted life. Thanks to the good physician's merciful administrations, the frenzy of terror and the darkness of despair had alike vanished. Her nerves were wonderfully composed, and her mind perfectly clear.

"It is strange, Mrs. Barton," she said, as the wardress was assisting her to dress, "how well I am this morning, the very last day of my life. It seems to me, looking back on my past feelings, as if I had been very ill or were alone my first arrest, and have only now recovered health and reason. And this is my last day, and I have made no preparations for death; has indeed I could not, and I am clearly now why I could not. First came the thunder-bolt of my arrest; then the anguish of surprise before the trial; then the blackness of despair after conviction; and then the frenzy of terror that followed the reading of the death-warrant! What could I do amidst all that vehement suffering? But it has all gone, now; the suspense, the despair, and the terror have all taken flight, like evil spirits, and left my mind in a sweet, clear, sunny, almost happy state, although I am to die to-morrow morning. I hope this is not unnatural; I hope I am in my senses; for it is a very strange experience."

"It is the goodness of God, and the skill of the doctor and His instrument, my dear child. You are innocent and martyred, and so you are escorted by Heaven and death," answered the wardress.

"I can not afraid to meet my Maker. I never was, even in the midst of my worst terrors. I have only got my peace to make with Heaven in this late hour, but I have much to do for those whom I shall leave behind, and I must set about it immediately."

"Dear child, think of yourself; do not trouble your heart about any one else."

"Did Mr. Montrose call yesterday?"

"Yes, dear child, but you were then too ill to see my one. But I suppose he will come this morning, as usual."

"No, he will not. We agreed that, as he is permitted but one visit to me, that he should not come on this last day until the evening, so as to run out as late a period as possible before my death. You see how calmly I can speak of that now, Mrs. Barton."

"Thank God, my dear, though it breaks my heart to hear you."

After her frugal breakfast, Eudora asked for pen, ink and paper, and sat down to write her last wishes, to be confided to Malcolm.

Meanwhile, the sunlight of the prison, who had been very ill with fever for the last week, arose from his sick-bed to perform the duties and commissions of religion to the condemned girl.

He found Eudora seated at the little table and engaged in writing.

She rose as he entered, and held out her hand, saying:

"I am glad you have come to see me again on this last day, Mr. Goodall—all-good."

"I should have come before, but I had been able to stand upon my feet," replied the clergyman, reverently, as he took the proffered hand in the offered clasp.

"I am sorry to see that you are still so ill," she said, looking with sympathy upon his haggard face.

"It is credible that you can have room in your heart for any other concern than your own great one?" inquired the clergyman, looking up in surprise at the face of the speaker.

And then, for the first time, he noticed the perfect serenity and almost cheerfulness of her countenance.

She perceived his surprise, and answered both his looks and words by saying:

"I do not know how it is, but I cannot grieve or myself now. I seem almost to wonder, this day; all the evil spirits of despair and terror that have been tormenting me for the so many weeks past have vanished, and left my soul in a "peace that passeth understanding," a "calmness of the breast," that I cannot comprehend, but only receive in awe and gratitude."

As Mr. Goodall did not immediately answer, but only looked her in deepening surprise, she continued:

"I feel as if I were on the eve of a journey, going home to my father and mother, and friends, and above all, to my dear Heavenly Father who knows my innocence of this imputed guilt, and in whose Divine Mercy I have never ceased to trust through the darkest hours of my despair and terror."

Mr. Goodall was reading her very soul, and, therefore, he would not reply as yet.

Suddenly she held her hand out to him, and said:

"Mr. Goodall, hitherto you have supposed that I only protested my innocence because I hoped, through your good intentions, to be believed and saved. But now you must know that not a shadow of hope remains on me."

"I do know it," said the minister, earnestly.

"And, therefore, now that I have lost all hope of man's mercy, and know that I must certainly die to-morrow morning, you will believe me when I repeat, as I hope for God's mercy—I am guiltless of the crimes for which I am to suffer," said Eudora, solemnly.

"I do believe you; I am constrained to have faith in your innocence; dear Eudora, forgive me that I ever doubted it."

"There is nothing to forgive, since it was inevitable that you should at first think as all the world did; but there is much to be grateful for, now that you have confidence in me. And now that we understand each other, you can indeed give me much comfort," said Eudora, holding out her hand, which he took and held, while he said:

"I will attend you to the last, dear, unhappy girl."

"But you will, you must not fatigue yourself."

"I will be with you to the last," repeated the minister. "It will be time enough for me to rest when you are at rest."

Meanwhile, what had become of Annette Wilder, since her daily visits to the prison had been prohibited, and her excessive laroade into Malcolm Montrose's lodgings had ceased?

Annette, for the last few days, had restricted herself to Madame Arnolfini's humbler avocations, where her burning cheeks and blazing eyes, and feverish manner, excited the serious alarm of her relatives.

"Tom, dear baby is going to be ill, and she she ought to be looked after," said Mrs. Silton, who immediately ordered a foot-bath and certain herb-teas to be taken by the patient at night.

But Annette only drove Annelle crazed, saying to herself:

"I have need of a cool hand, and would drink a pint of bitterest wormwood, and plunge my limbs into boiling water, if I thought that would take away the burning pain in my head that prevents me from thinking clearly."

And so she took—not her own desperate prescription, but the milder one of Grandmother Silton. And she arose the next morning, looking like an expiring fire, and professing herself much better.

But on this last day no one took notice of Annette. All the inmates of the house seemed to be possessed of a sort of half-sentimental frenzy, by view of the tragedy to be enacted the next morning—that dread tragedy, in which the life of a young girl was to be publicly offered up in expiation of an atrocious crime.

THE LAST INTERVIEW.

They had all known Eudora, and even those who believed her guilty felt sorry for and oppressed by the horror of her coming doom, now that it drew so near.

The two ancient dames—they were both so old that a trifling difference of eighteen years between the ages of the mother and daughter was of no sort of account—sat lovingly, side by side, in their easy-chairs, near the drawing-room chimney-corner, where, summer and winter, a little fire was always kept burning for cheerfulness' sake.

"If I have lived too long, Abby, my dear—I have lived too long, now that I see little girls as should be young and happy, ill—ill—ill—and come to see more harm than nothing their bliss, and getting married by their wives, carefully dipping their hands in human blood, and being hanged, Abby, my dear—I have lived too long! Why, Abby, my dear, I can not even keep away into an age of the world as I want—born and brought up in, and don't know nothing about. And if the good Lord hasn't forgot to send for me, I don't know the reason why I am left. And I think I had better go," said Mrs. Silton, despondingly.

"Why, my dear mother. You are the head of the family, which I don't know what we'd would do without you. And I have been used to you all my life. And me and you have always been together ever since my remember. Tjetsie of the poor little bobtail-boy—dog as we kept when we was little girls, Tjetsie, and how you comforted me when that boy o' mine run away and went to sea; what, Tjetsie, I don't think he would ever rise to be an admiral and make our fortune, if he never run off to sea. I never be ashamed of as 'tisher.' And since that we have been always together, and always will be. And s'pose now I was to rest the rheir o' your's be empty? Oh, suppose should I be left all by my lone? *Ase!* You'd never go and die and leave me so cruel, and all look round to see if you are struggling for life! And now, to these latter days, when you and poor Annette is ill, I don't say as I will give up and die? No, Abby, my dear, not till I can see Annette safe and well, and

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dear name, so that for years after you have become an angel in heaven, the widow and her children shall bless your memory."

"Ah, well, I feel the need that some one should bless me."

"Many will do so, dear saint! And now what more shall I do?"

"Not much; only, when I am gone, do not let my little dog perish. Mrs. Barton will keep her for a few days, until you can call and fetch her."

"Dear girl, be sure that there will be few things in this world so precious to me as the little creature that you loved. And now what else? Speak all your wishes; tell me all that I can do for you, for to obey all your commands will be the only course to save me from madness—the only purpose for which I shall bear to live—except one! yes, except one!"

"There is nothing else whatever, dear friend."

"Nothing else? You ask nothing for yourself—nothing for your own memory! Even at this supreme hour your thoughts are all for the good of others. Yet, dear saint, though in your sweet resignation you have not asked it, here I make you one solemn promise, one binding oath, one sacred vow! Here, with my hand upon your martyred head—here speaking to your innocent heart—here in the sight of the all-seeing God—I pledge my whole life, fortune, and honor to the one sacred purpose of discovering the real criminal, redeeming your memory from all reproach, and establishing your innocence beyond all question!" said Malcolm, solemnly sealing his vow by pressing a kiss upon her forehead.

"Thanks, thanks for this devotion, dearest friend. And now bid me a gentle good-night and go."

"So soon—has it come?" aspirated the young man, as all the blood in his veins seemed to turn back in its course, and roll in with annihilating force upon his heart. "Must I leave you?"

"It is my own tongue that bids you go, dear Malcolm. Go while we still have some self-command left; go, and leave me to God!"

At this very moment also a warder appeared at the cell door. He did not speak, but the mere event of his appearance there announced that the moment of separation had arrived. She raised him and threw herself upon his bosom. He strained her to his heart in the unutterable agony of a last embrace. A moment thus, and then her arms relaxed, and she sank back fainting upon her pillow.

Malcolm, blinded, giddy, and stunned by despair, reeled from the cell.

The lobby, lighted only here and there at long intervals by lamps in high sconces, was very dusky. As he rushed along its gloom, he suddenly felt his wrist caught by a thin, fiery hand, that seemed to scorch into his flesh, while a fierce, hot whisper pierced his ear, saying:

"*Be on the watch to-night at the appointed place!*"

The burning, wiry grip, the eager, stinging tones were those of Annella Wilder. But before he could reply to her words, almost, indeed, before he had recognized her, she had vanished.

And the next minute he was joined by the warder, who had only lingered behind to lock the door, and who now attended him down the stairs and saw him fairly outside the prison walls.

He heard the great gate close with a loud clang, the key turn, the bolts shove into their grooves, the bars fall into their places, and he knew that the prison was closed up for the night.

But where was Annella?

He looked up and down the highway and all around, in expectation of seeing that strange creature, whom he supposed must have left the building before he did, and with whom, as the despairing and the frenzied snatch at the faintest shadows of hope, he wished to confer. But he looked in vain; she was nowhere visible.

He well understood the meaning that her words were intended to convey. But were they not the words of madness? Who could tell?

"Be on the watch to-night at the appointed time," she had said.

Be on the watch? Aye, that he surely would, without the need of warning; for could *he* go home and go to rest upon this last bitter night? Ah, no! The only thing that he could bring himself to do was to pace up and down the road beneath the prison walls, praying for her—praying for himself—until the dawn of the fatal day should compel him to keep his promise to Eudora, and throw himself into the first morning train, to fly from the scene of her martyrdom.

But with the constant echo of Annella's last words in his ear came the memory of the promise he had made her—an insane promise, but otherwise harmless and certainly binding. A part of it he had already kept.

There was a small vessel anchored in a quiet cove, five miles from Abbeytown, and a boat chained at the beach. There was his fast horse, Fleetfoot, in the stables of the Leaton Arms. There was not one chance in a billion, not the shadow of a hope, not the faintest indication of a possibility that any of these preparations would be of the least use; yet he had madly promised to complete them, and he must keep his promise. Still half stunned, blind, and dizzy with despair, he went on to the town, got his horse from the stables, rode slowly through the woods until it was quite dark, then tied Fleetfoot in the thicket behind the prison, and went round and resumed his walk and watch before the front gates.

[TO BE CONTINUED IN OUR NEXT.]

A CUNNING FINANCIER.

It is reported of Scaramouch, the famous Italian comedian, that being at Paris and in great want, he bethought himself of constantly plying near the door of a noted perfumer in that city, and when any one came out who had been buying snuff, never failed to desire a taste of them; when he had by this means got together a quantity made up of several different sorts, he sold it again at a lower rate to the same perfumer, who, finding out the trick, called it "*Tabac de mille fleurs*," or "Snuff of a thousand flowers." The story further tells us, that by this means he got a very comfortable subsistence, until making too much haste to grow rich, he one day took such an unreasonable pinch out of the box of a Swiss officer, as engaged him in a quarrel, and obliged him to quit this ingenious way of life.

"WHAT'S THE TIME?"

Reader, did you ever, after asking this question, notice the different style in which it would be answered, according as the person interrogated had a gold watch or a silver watch? It is a rare chance to learn a lesson in human nature. In the one case, your friend turns around till his back is nearly squared towards you, and drawing out his "pinchbeck" barely to the edge of the fob, steals a quick, furtive glance at the dial, then hurries back the article like lightning into its receptacle; in the other he draws out his splendid, full-jewelled repeater slowly and deliberately, with great pomposity and flourish, and extending it at arm's length between his two hands, gives you the desired information, and one of his blandest smiles in addition.

THE BOY VOLUNTEER.

AN EPISODE OF BUENA VISTA.

BY DR. S. COMPTON SMITH.

While, on the 23rd of February, 1847, our little army of volunteers was contesting the battle field of Buena Vista, inch by inch, with the hosts of the Mexican chivalry, the wagons and mules of the trains were parked near the Rancho, and between it and Saltillo. The spot was not far from the excavations used by the medical staff in the performance of their sanguinary duties. The teamsters were included among the non-combatants; but, as the battle progressed, these men forgot in the excitement of the occasion their more immediate charge, and arming themselves with such weapons as came to hand, deserted their teams, and joined their countrymen in the fight.

Among the wagons was a young lad of scarcely seventeen years, who attracted our attention by his excited manner and loud exclamations. He stood upon the top of a loaded wagon, swinging rapidly over his head an old broad-brimmed "campeachy hat," and cheering most energetically each time our brave fellows received and repulsed a charge of the enemy's lancers.

At length the lad was heard to shout to his companions:

"I say, boys, hang the orders! I can't stay here any longer, when fighting men are so much needed yonder!"

And so saying, he descended from his elevated position, and disappeared among the train. After a few moments, however, he again emerged to view, and ran at the top of his speed toward the point where our left wing was in vain endeavoring to drive back the advance of the enemy, as the united columns of Pacheco and Lombardini were gallantly cutting their way to the rear of our position. This was near the foot of the eastern mountains, and it was one of the critical periods of that memorable day.

As the lad passed the spot where we were engaged with the wounded, I perceived that he was completely armed, having, besides a backwoods rifle, two six-shooting revolvers and a heavy Mississippi bowie attached to his leathern belt.

He had thrown aside his jacket, and now, with "hickory trowers" and dark-blue flannel shirt, and his broad-brimmed, unsoldier-like sombrero, became a conspicuous object on the field. As the boy hastened past us, I was struck by the remarkable beauty of his person.

Away he flew toward the extremity of our line, and was soon lost to view in the sulphury vapors which were rapidly enveloping that portion of the field.

Soon after the disappearance of the lad, I was ordered into the saddle and to the extreme left, where the enemy was making sad havoc in our ranks.

The dead and wounded were strewing the ground, and filling up the ravines; and I hastened to the spot to give directions in relation to the latter, who were to be conveyed to the comparatively sheltered quarry pits in the rear. While engaged in this duty, I again caught sight of my handsome boy. He had not fallen into the line, but was some distance to the left, upon the side of the mountain, intently occupied in "fighting on his own hook." He had chosen an isolated position upon the edge of a ravine, where, partially protected by the angle of a rock, he was busily picking off the officers of the enemy, as they gallantly led their forces through the tortuous defile. With the rapidity of an experienced marksman he fired and recharged his rifle. But so absorbingly engaged was the fearless youth, he seemed forgetful of the dangers that surrounded him. Soon his escape would be hopeless. Seeing his imminent danger, I spurred my horse as near to him as the broken nature of the ground would permit, and in the partial lull of the fierce noises of the battle shouted to him to fly from the fatal spot, and fall into the line before the advancing hosts should cut off his retreat.

He heard my voice, and looking down to where I had halted, replied:

"Yes, sir, I am coming! But I must first have a crack at that tall, gold-laced Mexican yonder!"

And so saying, he raised his rifle to his cheek, and deliberately drawing a "fine sight" upon a Mexican colonel, leading his column up the ascent, fired. I watched the effect of the shot, and saw the brave officer tumble headlong from his horse, beneath the feet of the advancing ranks.

My own situation was now becoming critical, and in another moment, had I not hastily withdrawn, I should have been thrown between the fires of the two contending columns. I now lost sight of the boy, for whom I felt an increasing interest, and therefore determined not to leave that portion of the field altogether till I had ascertained his fate.

The result of that advance of the enemy is well known. Our little force of volunteer infantry was borne down by the headlong rush of the Mexican masses, for they were thousands opposed to scores of our gallant fellows; and in almost less time than it would take to describe the movement, they had gained our rear; and like an overcharged winter torrent, were flooding the plain, and pouring impetuously into the gorges between us and Saltillo. And as well is it known how, on the return to the field, after a temporary absence, of the brave "ROUGH AND READY," the tide was turned, by the magnetic influence of his calm presence, and the enemy driven from his vantage ground.

My position was still upon the plateau—for such was the nature of the desperate struggle that I could not return to the rear; and as our re-assured and re-enforced squadrons pushed the Mexicans before them, toward the ravines through which they had flooded the plain, I cast anxious eyes upon the spot where I had last seen my flaxen-haired young hero at his work of "sharp practice." I had little doubt, however, that he had been already numbered with the dead that strewed the ground.

Near the margin of the ravines a hand to hand struggle yet continued; but the bright uniforms of the Mexicans were rapidly disappearing beneath the cliffs, while our enfilading batteries were hurling death and dismay into the pent-up masses below.

At the base of the mountains our sharpshooters, who had for some time occupied an isolated position among the rocks, were now moving down to rejoin their victorious friends; and as they advanced they revenged themselves amply upon the foe, that had so recently cut them off from support.

While my attention was attracted to this advance of the riflemen, a movement between them and the combatants on the edge of the ravines, caused me to turn my eyes toward that point. This was a little distance to the rear of the spot where I had last witnessed the gallant conduct of my broad-brimmed hero. A low pile of broken rocks, which had been tumbled down the side of the mountain, was surrounded by numbers of the enemy, who threw themselves upon some object that had taken shelter there. They were mostly dismounted *lanceros*, and as they pressed about the spot, I heard the rapid report of revolvers, and knew at once that some of our people were beset by that crowd.

As I approached the spot nearer, I could perceive that there was but one individual. He held the cowardly lancers at bay, and every discharge of his revolver was signalled by the fall of one or more of their number. Shot followed shot, till at length the crowd that surrounded the spot was partially scattered; and then through the openings my eyes were gladdened, once more, by the sight of my hero. There stood the noble youth, alone, in that place, with at least a score of fierce demons still about him. Strangers themselves to generous sentiments, these cowardly beings could not appreciate the lofty courage he displayed, but each was thirsting for the life blood of the young American.

As yet the boy appeared unhurt; but when his last shot should have been expended, I looked to see him fall, transfixed by a dozen lances. Yet, as if himself aware of the value of his remaining shots, the lad had drawn his heavy knife, and I could see by the glancing of the polished blade that he was using it to effect. He stood with his back covered by a high rock, so that, though the dastard crowd completely surrounded the pile, he was exposed to their attacks only in front. I could not go to the aid of the noble fellow, for between us were still the contending squadrons—the Mexicans still disputing the ground inch by inch, as they sullenly retired to the gorges.

While I looked with trembling anxiety for the lad, so fearfully beset, I perceived that others had joined their countrymen against him. But having already discharged their pieces and thrown them away in the flight, they also were reduced to their sabres and lances. These now charging against the brave boy, received the last reserved rounds of his revolver—and then bore him to the ground beneath the points of their weapons.

But at that critical moment there appeared other actors upon the scene.

The exultant yells of the cowardly lancers, as the American fell beneath their thrusts, attracted the attention of some of the ministering angels, occupied in the mission of love and mercy within the ravines—for to the glory of WOMAN let it be recorded, that even amid the horrors of that sanguinary struggle, where winged death hurtled thickly through the sulphurous air, SHE, forgetful of all save the pangs of her dying brother, moved fearlessly amid friends and foes.

As I gazed through the springing tears, upon the spot where I had seen the youth so nobly fall, there emerged from the defile two of these ministering spirits, who forced their way through the cowardly crew, and rescuing the dying boy from their murderous hands, bore him carefully between them to the ravine. I was sure it was none other than the brave boy, for his light, golden tresses were lifted by the wind, and I caught a momentary glimpse of his blue shirt, dabbled with gory stains.

The fight was over, and the field was ours. Our little army had returned to Saltillo. The dead had been buried beneath the scanty soil of Buena Vista, and the wounded carefully and kindly looked after; and after a few days everything again went on as quietly as if nothing out of the usual routine had occurred.

In vain I sought, first over the field, and then through the city, for a trace of the handsome youth, in whose fate I had become so deeply interested during the battle. At length weeks went by, and still his fate remained involved in obscurity. I had, however, learned that he was a western boy, who had accompanied one of the Indiana regiments, but who, on account of his youth, had been ordered to remain with the train during the fight—I had also learned his name; but beyond these facts, I remained in ignorance.

One day, as I was passing along the narrow foot walk of the principal street of Saltillo, that leading up the ascent toward Buena Vista, and occupied by those of the more respectable citizens, who had remained, I was attracted to one of the wide, unglazed windows which opened upon it, by the sound of a guitar, struck by skillful fingers. This of itself was no extraordinary sound among the Mexicans; but accompanied as it was in this instance, with one of the sweetest female voices I ever heard, I involuntarily checked my walk, and dropping behind the angle of the window, drank in with my ears, the exquisite melody. It was a passionate love song, and the gentle musician threw into her voice all the deep pathos of a loving heart.

I listened to the exquisite performance with rapture, and recognized in the masterly rendering of the poet's idea, a Spanish ballad, which was quite familiar to me, but which I had never heard sung with such effect before.

As the song was ended, and I heard the instrument thrown aside, I was about to continue my walk. But as I turned to go, my attention was again arrested by a voice, which I immediately knew to be that of a fellow-countryman—for the words were made up of broken Spanish, mingled with English, and with an accent purely American.

"Oh! *mio querido cariott cantarma*, that beautiful song once more! *uno vez mas!*" (only once more!)

Again the instrument was resumed, and once more that seraphic voice blended its melody with the bell like notes of the guitar.

As the song progressed, I involuntarily approached the front of the window, and turned my gaze upon the interior. The thin gauze curtains were drawn partially aside, and the evening breeze stealing through the iron jalousies, occasionally lifted them wider. It was a lofty room, upon the rich mosaic floor of which, and along the corniced walls, were arranged articles of furniture of the most elaborate workmanship; while costly pictures were suspended above them. The whole appearance of the apartment bespoke the proprietor not only a person of wealth, but of refined taste. Seated upon a low ottoman, in front of a couch, a fair young girl, with face half averted, was singing the sweet song I had been listening to so absorbingly. At first I could look upon nothing but the ravishing beauty of that earnest face, as her loving soul floated through her parted lips, on the wings of heavenly music, and it was some moments before I noticed that the couch near by was occupied. But as the last notes of that sweet love song died away, and the young girl again laid aside the instrument, she moved toward the bed, and re-arranging its light drapery, addressed its occupant in soft, musical Castilian—that language above all others so adapted to convey earnest and loving thoughts.

"Now mi Chepito, I will leave you for a little while, that you may take your needed siesta; for you know, I have kept you awake with my songs and nonsense, more than two hours—*Adios mi amigo!*"

"No—no! Carlota, do not go yet!" exclaimed the voice I had before recognized as that of a countryman's—do not leave me so soon!"

But repeating her *adios*, the girl, flinging a kiss toward him from the tips of her rosy fingers, glided laughingly out of the room.

The invalid turned himself painfully upon his side, and raising his head, seemed to be following with his eyes her retreating form. As he did so, there fell over the edge of the snowy pillow a mass of golden ringlets, the sight of which startled me into an audible expression of surprise, for I was sure those were the same glorious locks I had witnessed flowing like a banner upon the bloody field of Buena Vista, and the invalid youth before me none other than my gallant Indianian, the handsome boy whom I had seen those brave, generous Mexican women bear away bleeding from the edge of the battle-field.

I approached my face nearer to the barred window, and called his name, "*Joseph!*"

There was a sudden motion of the head, which was now partially raised from the pillow, as in the attitude of listening.

"*Joseph!*" I repeated.

"Who calls?" demanded the youth. "Are you an American?" and turning his face toward the window with an effort evidently attended with pain, he seemed at once to recognize me.

"Ah, Doctor, is that *you?* Do come in, sir; I am indeed glad to see you, for I remember you well, and the last time I saw you, out yonder," and he motioned his head toward the direction of the battle-field. "Please come in, sir," and the next moment I stood by his bedside, and clasped his hand in mine.

He had been desperately wounded, having received no less than nine lance and sabre thrusts, in various parts of his body! But thanks to those heroic women who had so generously rescued him from his cowardly foes, he was now rapidly recovering from their effects.

His story was told in a few words.

He had been borne insensible from the field, and on recovering found himself surrounded by a group of kind and anxious faces, beneath the roof where I had found him, and where he had been nursed with unfailing kindness through all his slow and painful recovery. All that maternal and sisterly solicitude could render had been his, and to this more than generous family, he said, he owed more than life—the gratitude and services of that life.

During my subsequent visits to my young friend, I became acquainted with this excellent and hospitable family, which was that of the brave Mexican General Ortega, then absent with the army, which had fallen back upon San Luis de Potosi.

The beautiful Carlota, to whose charming voice I acknowledged myself indebted for the discovery of *Chepito*, as she affectionately persisted in calling the handsome American, I soon perceived had irrevocably lost her heart while singing love-songs to beguile the hours of his recovery, and he, like a grateful patient, had yielded his own to the care and keeping of his gentle nurse. It did my heart good to witness the calm happiness of these two beautiful lovers, and I could not but confess they were, with their brave and guileless hearts, entirely suited to each other.

In a few months the wounded youth had recovered sufficiently to take his discharge, and return to his friends in the United States, where he remained only till the termination of the war, when he returned to Saltillo and his faithful Carlota.

For several years the young man was one of my most punctual and frequent correspondents. He informed me that Carlota had become his bride, and then, through the influence of his gallant father-in-law, he had been appointed on the staff of the general-in-chief, from which rank he had been promoted step by step, till, when he last wrote to me, he had won the brevet of a brigadier. And now that brave General JOSE HARRIS, who recently, with the army of the Liberals, has signalized his name, and won the respect of all parties in Mexico by his military skill and gallantry, is none other than my golden-haired, blue-shirted and broad-brimmed hero of Buena Vista.

SOWING AND REAPING.

BY J. F. SMITH,

AUTHOR OF "THE STEPMOTHER," "MINNIGREY," ETC., ETC.

CHAPTER XXXIX.

To do the office of a neighbor,
And be a gossip at his labor. — BUTLER.

At the period of which we are writing, the works published for the use of childhood were eminently suited to the childish mind. Science had not borrowed the mask of romance, neither had the *ologies* been pressed into the service of reading "made easy," as we see them at the present day. The "Seven Champions of Christendom," "Jack the Giant-killer" and "Blue Beard" were looked upon as standard books—rather grave reading than otherwise. Few boys under twelve or thirteen could be found who did not believe implicitly in the adventures of St. George and the Dragon, and regard the horrors of the Blue Chamber as an article of faith.

Peter Flatman was exceedingly well versed in this species of literature, and frequently regretted that he had never been carried off by a roc, like Sinbad the Sailor, or cast upon a desert island, to build himself a hut, shoot cannibals, and save the life of a man Friday, *à la* Robinson Crusoe.

His youthful head being filled with these and similar ideas, no wonder that he thirsted for adventure, and the opportunity of distinguishing himself. Hitherto his prowess had been limited to the heading of a foray against the market gardens, conducting his companions to battle with the boys of the charity school, or climbing over the roofs of the adjoining houses in search of a stray pigeon and sparrows' nests—freaks for which his father, a hard-headed, matter-of-fact man, had repeatedly thrashed him. The discovery of a female imprisoned and half-starved by the Prys, whom he detested, naturally produced a profound impression on the ardent imagination of Peter. It was the first great event of his life—food for his hungry brain to feed upon; and despite the punishment which he knew awaited his disobedience, he counted the hours of his father's return impatiently.

It was evening before Mr. Flatman, who was employed in a printing office, made his appearance.

With prudence beyond his years, the son waited till he had supped and lit his pipe.

"Father," said the boy, "I have something to tell you."

"Getting into mischief again, I suppose."

Peter did not deny the imputation, but modestly suggested that his parent should hear what he had to say before thrashing him.

At the word "thrashing" the printer laid down his pipe.

"I have been on the roof of the house again."

His father waited to hear no further, but catching up the cane which he kept for the purpose, began plying it vigorously over the shoulders of the offender. To his surprise, Peter neither winced nor entreated forgiveness.

"There! you young rascal! there—and there!"

Still not a word nor a cry.

Mrs. Flatman's maternal feelings and curiosity were aroused, and she interfered, at last, to put an end to the violence of her husband.

"You spoil the boy," muttered the latter, replacing the instrument of punishment in the corner.

"Beating won't improve him."

The woman was in the right; but they had strange notions of parental discipline in those days.

"And what were you on the roof for?" demanded the printer.

Peter made no reply. He had endured the punishment, and felt that he had a right to guard his secret.

"Did you hear me?"

Still not a word.

His father glanced at the cane again.

"Why don't you answer your father?" said Mrs. Flatman.

Peter caught up a candle from the table, and maintaining the same dogged silence, retired to his bed in the garret, where his resolution gave way, and he sobbed bitterly. The commencement of his adventure appeared anything but agreeable.

It must not be supposed for one instant that we approve either the disobedience of the lad or his obstinate silence, still less the hasty brutality of his father. We have long been convinced that the worst course to be pursued with a boy is to beat him. In the present case there were extenuating circumstances in the culprit's favor; he had avowed his fault, and asked only for a hearing.

As Mr. Flatman had to be at his office at a very early hour, he quitted the house the following morning without seeing his son, whom he threatened to thrash on his return severely, if the cause of his venturing upon the roof were not explained to him on his return.

The mother promised to ascertain it long before evening, and was no sooner dressed than she hastened to the garret. To her astonishment, the window was wide open, and Peter nowhere to be seen.

"On the roof again!" exclaimed the woman, half angry and half puzzled at his perseverance. "There never was such a boy! The snow upon the tiles, too!"

In a few minutes the culprit made his appearance. Mrs. Flatman waited with praiseworthy patience till he was safely through the window before she pounced upon him, when, as a matter of course, the first thing she did was to box his ears, the next, to demand an explanation of his extraordinary conduct.

A mother's hand falls lightly; at any rate, Peter felt neither anger nor resentment at her blows, but answered the question she put to him frankly.

He had been to visit an old woman whom the Prys kept prisoner.

We believe we previously informed our readers that a *true neighborly antipathy* existed between the two families. The ladies hated each other most cordially, yet still kept up the habit of calling and gossiping with each other.

We have witnessed the same thing in a more elevated sphere.

Strange and improbable as the boy's story appeared, Mrs. Flatman at once believed it; she could have credited anything of Mrs. Pry.

"The wretches!" she exclaimed. "Some poor relation they are ashamed of, no doubt."

"No, it aint," said Peter; "it's a nurse."

"A nurse!" repeated his mother, whose love of the marvellous, to say the least of it, fully equalled his own.

"They *inveigled* her away from Shoreditch Workhouse."

"Only to think!"

"But that aint the worst," added the boy, lowering his voice to a tone of horror; "they are a starvin' on her. I took her some bread; you aint angry with me, are you, mother?"

Mrs. Flatman, who, to do her justice, was really a kind-hearted woman, replied by a kiss, and began to regret the box of the ears she had given him.

"Angry!" she repeated. "No, Peter; you have acted rightly, and I feel proud of you, so will your father, when he hears the rights of it. You should have told me first, and let me break it to him; you know how passionate he is."

To these observations her son made no remark; the recollection of the caning he had received still rankled in his mind.

Having questioned and re-questioned the youth till fully satisfied she had drawn from him all he knew, his mother descended to prepare breakfast, after which she dismissed Peter to his school.

"I wish I had a holiday," said the lad, as he was leaving the house.

"Perhaps your father may give you one to-morrow," observed Mrs. Flatman, "when he hears the rights on it."

"Won't you give me one, mother?"

The woman shook her head. She was willing enough to gratify him, but dared not.

"I must take one, then," replied Peter, resolutely. "It'll only be another thrashing."

With these words he closed the door, but instead of taking his way to the school, directed his steps towards London.

No sooner was she alone than Mrs. Flatman began to indulge in a habit very common to uneducated persons, of talking over the discovery to herself. "The affair did not in the least surprise her; she had long suspected the Prys to be a bad set, and predicted they would never come to good."

A vague suspicion that money might be made of the secret more than once crossed her mind, and she decided upon remaining silent till the return of her husband. Nothing should induce her to give a hint to any one; of course not.

This resolution might possibly have been kept, had the person who made it neither quitted her house, nor received the visit of any one; but, unfortunately, Mrs. Pry, finding herself with an idle hour upon her hands, called to complain of the conduct of Peter, who had snowballed her husband on the preceding day.

An air of intense satisfaction and relief stole over the features of her neighbor when she saw her enter.

"I am sorry to come with a complaint," began the visitor.

"No excuse, ma'am," interrupted Mrs. Flatman, drawing down the corners of her mouth; "you rarely come with anything else."

"All the fault of your son, ma'am."

"Of course it is; yours is perfection."

"At any rate, he has not been brought up in the streets—suffered to run wild, like *some people's;* Mat is a well-conducted young man—I am proud of Mat."

"I am not ashamed of Peter," observed Mrs. Flatman, emphatically.

"He threw a snowball at my husband last night," observed Mrs. Pry, "and it's not the first time."

"Mr. Pry should not have thrown his ball upon the roof of the house," retorted the mother of the culprit. "Most *imprudent* thing for him to do, considering——"

Here the speaker suddenly paused. Anger was carrying her beyond the limit of prudence.

"*Considering what?*" demanded her visitor, fixing her eyes upon her very earnestly.

"Oh, nothing! nothing!" repeated Mrs. Flatman, with a knowing laugh. "It would not have signified if your husband had thrown the ball upon my roof; any one is welcome to know what is going on in my house. There are no secrets in my family."

"Nor in mine, ma'am," replied the neighbor, resolutely.

"I hope not, ma'am," said the mother of Peter, with a sneer. "One wouldn't like anything unpleasant to take place next door to one."

Mrs. Pry was too good a general to let the enemy perceive the utter consternation into which these hints had thrown her, or to retreat at once—that might have betrayed weakness; so she adroitly changed the subject of conversation

to one on which they could meet upon neutral ground—their neighbors—who, as a matter of course, suffered severely. Not a house, nor a palace—palaces were fashionable in those days—but was passed in review between them.

Mutually calmed by the exercise, the two women separated, to all appearance, much more amicably than they had met. But it was in appearance only, for they bated each other more cordially than ever. The cruel persecutor of his aged foes returned to her home filled with dread and suspicion that her secret was discovered; and Mrs. Fineman felt, as she gazed after her, that—despite the soft, conciliatory tongue and outré fan direction.

To make amends for her want of prudence, she seated herself with her work at the little parlor window, and remained there, unmoved despite the cold, during the rest of the day, like a sentinel upon guard.

No one could enter or quit the house of Mrs. Pry without her being aware of it.

Mat felt greatly alarmed when his mother related the conversation which had just taken place between herself and her neighbor. Although he began suspecting the whole truth, he heard enough to convince him that their proceedings were already talked of, and that further violence to their prisoner would be fraught with danger. His first idea was to remove her to the office of Mr. Purfit, but the latter was absent on the house, which he frequently did, on one pretense or the other, as he perceived Mrs. Fineman in front of observation, and in his rage he bitterly cursed her.

"Curses are of little use," observed his parent, with a sneer. "Would that I were as fortunate!"

"And supposing that you were a man," replied her son, "what could you do, single-handed—she-devil's eyes upon you?"

"Something equal to the emergency. Fortune knocks but once at the door; fools only hesitate to open it."

It was a dangerous decision for a mother to preach, particularly to so apt a pupil as Mat, and young ruffian reflected for a few instants. As a child, cruel habits style over the maturer calculations, Mrs. Pry felt assured that he had found a difficulty in their present difficulties.

"I have it!" he exclaimed. "We must not hit her quit this house, living or dead, before we obtain the paper."

"Certainly not."

"Neither must she be found here in the event of a search being made."

The woman nodded assent, as if the proposition were a self-evident one.

"You had better lock the door," exclaimed the young ruffian, "and assist me."

The mother, who could more effectually secure the victim of their cruelty will be detailed in the proper place, was loth to assist in aiding our readers by compelling them to peruse them twice.

When Mr. Fineman returned home in the evening, he found his wife greatly alarmed at the absence of her son. Peter had not made his appearance since the morning, and she had ascertained from a neighbor's children that he had not been at school.

"It is all your fault," she exclaimed, wiping away her tears. "If you are so hard upon the boy—"

"I'll be harder before I've done with him," replied her husband, who regarded the case as a matter of little moment, "if he does not mend his conduct. The obstinate young rascal! How he continued to lay restraint upon the mind of the house, after I had so strictly forbidden him!"

"Yes, he was convicted it; and when you have heard it, I think you will regret your business. You remember he begged of you to time to him before bonfire him."

"I mean to be cruel," muttered the printer.

"His confession was a free one," observed the wife; "there was something in that."

"Well, perhaps there was, but—"

"But!" repeated Mrs. Fineman. "You men are so impatient. Peter acted most courageously, and I think better of him. Your violence," she added, "I fear, has driven him from home."

"He will be glad to come back again," observed the cheerful, philosophical wife, at the same time looking round to ascertain that the cane was ready to his hand.

His wife followed the direction of his eyes, and her mind flashing through the opposite, caught up the instruments of punishment and burst it into fit fire.

The anger of the man was roused, and he declared that he would receive a double amount of correction on his return.

"I hope he never will return, then," replied Mrs. Fineman, bursting into tears; "I am tired of seeing the beaten for the most trivial fault, and won't endure it any longer. After his confessing it to you, too—to your pride to be ashamed of yourself. It's no use your making large eyes and looking red at me," she added; "I am not afraid of you."

This was a fact so well established in the mind of the printer, that he did not venture to dispute it.

"Do you know," she continued, "what Peter discovered on the roof?"

"How should I? The obstinate young rascal would not tell me a word."

"This time have a prisoner!"

"A what?"

"A prisoner—an aged woman—whom they detained from Shoreditch Workhouse, and kept confined in the garret without food or fire. They are starving her in order to obtain some paper she has in possession of. I don't exactly know what it is, but no doubt of consequence. Peter discovered her and has kept it secret from me."

"Shoreditch Workhouse!" interrupted Mr. Fineman, starting from his chair. "There is a reward annexed to all the aged paupers—fifty pounds! Set the advertisement in type myself. Why didn't they inform me of it, as soon as—"

"Why did you beat him?" demanded his wife.

Before the prospect of gaining fifty pounds all minor differences ceased, and the speakers, after a brief explanation, decided on agreeing before the nearest magistrate, to make their declaration at once. In their way to the office, the printer bought several copies of the papers containing the advertisement. Time arrived, they had not the slightest difficulty in procuring a search-warrant. Especially as the police authorities were already acquainted with the case.

Mr. Pry, as Fineman, and one were at supper when the officers arrived to search the house. Nothing could have been better under the indignation of the lady as such a charge being laid against her. In a confident tone of voice she requested them to do their duty, and inquired which part of the house they would like to commence with.

"The garrets," was the reply.

Mat volunteered to conduct them. The young ruffian appeared in equally excellent spirits as his mother. Mr. Pry, as usual, sat silent.

In a few minutes the officers returned—their search had proved a fruitless one.

"Well," exclaimed Mr. Fineman, who, with her husband, had accompanied them to the house; "have you found the poor creature? Where is she?"

"Not in the garrets," observed one of the men discontentedly.

"Search the cellar, then."

The hint was taken with the same result. Not a living thing, except themselves and the estimable family of the Pry, was to be found in the house.

"Would you like to look in the drawers?" said Mrs. Pry, in a mocking tone; "or in the cinder-sack?" or in the wash-tubs? inside our bedstitution. Mr. Fineman won't have such another occasion of gratifying her curiosity, and it would be a pity to disappoint her.

"Especially as she will have to pay for it," she added.

The printer and his wife began to feel anything but comfortable. To call appearances, they had let them into a scrape.

"I hope, gentlemen, you are satisfied," said the master of the house, gathering courage. "I should have thought my well-known respectability might have answered for me."

"Not against information regularly laid before a magistrate."

"I shall wait upon him in the morning," said Mr. Pry, pompously.

"It will be advisable," replied the officer. "At the same time, you can explain the only circumstance that at present looks bad against you."

"Against us!" exclaimed Mat.

"The bars in the window of the garret—they have a suspicious appearance."

"Not when you consider the characters of some of our neighbors," answered Mrs. Pry, darting a disdainful look on the printer and his wife. "We have frequently been robbed of trifling articles from the room, such as fruit, a ham and potatoes."

"My son," she added, "has never been seen upon the roof of the house."

"Nine feet between Mr. Fineman, easily," for her conviction of the honesty of Peter was unbounded. "I was visited according to the bull, which your husband threw there, that he discovered your prisoner."

"Prisoner!" repeated Mrs. Pry, with a toss of her head. "What do you suppose we have done with her?"

"Murdered her, perhaps."

The hit was a random one, but it told.

"Ridiculous!"

The keen-eyed officer fancied he detected something like confusion on the hitherto triumphant, lowering face of the lady, and his manner to her knew not what further steps to take—every room in the place had been searched and not a trace of the prisoner discovered. Three appeared no-thing for it but to take themselves away and withdraw.

As they were quitting the house, the triumphant jeers of the cruelly persecutors of the poor creature reached the ears of the officers, and the suspected appearance of Peter, accompanied by the master and mistress of the house, Mr. and Mrs. Burns, (the agent of Colonel Mordaunt,) and a couple of their street companions, in search of intelligence, from one of the constables in the room, of the progress of the investigation.

The boy, with a prudence beyond his years, had played the truant, to carry out the instructions given him by the prisoner the last time he visited her.

That to the man," exclaimed the master, pointing to Pry. The villain was the friend of Ann Betts, pretending that he was an officer of the law, employed by the colonel.

And robbed us of fifty pounds!" added the parent.

At this recognition the countenance of Pry fell considerably.

Mr. Fineman, more mystified than ever, seized his son by the shoulder, and having been preceded there and then to exercise his paternal authority by the constable, had not the fire-stairs rendered interference, and coolly informed him that nothing of the kind could be permitted in his presence.

The boy has acted remarkably well," observed Mr. Burns, "and merits reward instead of punishment; I shall see that he is properly recompensed."

At the word "recompensed," the printer's anger became partially appeased.

The search was renewed; still with the same result.

"It is all a lie, a wicked lie of that young rascal's," observed Mrs. Pry, as disappointment increased every instant. "Thank goodness, gentlemen, there is no lack of witnesses here. You have no longer any business here, gentlemen," she added, "I am sorry that you have had the most urgent you to leave it."

"We shall not leave it," replied one of the officers, "with our prisoner."

The family of Pry looked repeated the word simultaneously.

"I have a warrant against you," continued the officer, producing his authority, "for the abduction of one Ann Betts, and for a pauper inmate of Shoreditch Workhouse; you see my prisoner."

The confidential clerk of Mr. Purfit, to whom those terrible words were addressed, began to wish he had never listened to the tempting offers of his employer.

He muttered something about his being a respectable man, and able to procure bail.

"That will be required in the morning," replied his captor. "But as the charge, in all appearance, will involve their lane over a month, I do not think there is much chance of its being taken."

At a sign from the speaker, his brother officer slipped a pair of handcuffs on the wrists of Mr. Pry, senior, who trembled violently when he felt the cold contact of the cold iron.

"Don't be frightened!" whispered his wife. "They only were anything."

But Mr. Pry did feel very much frightened, not only at his present position, but at the thoughts of leaving his property in the hands of his wife and son. Once left to themselves, and the gentleman of the New street removed, as in probability, would be realized. At present he felt perfectly secure that they could not be left in the charge of murder, for Ann Betts was still in the house.

"Stay," he exclaimed, "I—I think I know where the woman is."

"I thought so," said the officer. "In the house?"

"Yes."

The reply occasioned no slight surprise, considering that it had been twice searched.

"Where?"

"In the cellar."

"But we have been there."

"The coals!" gasped the guilty man; "under the coals. It was not my doing."

The officers, accompanied by every one present, descended at once to the cellar, and sitting upon one of the coal-sacks, they could lay their hands upon, began shovelling away the coals. Presently a cry of indignation escaped them. In a hole dug in the damp earth lay the poor old nurse, her arms bound to her sides, and a gag thrust into her mouth to prevent her giving an alarm.

Several hands had been drawn over her to prevent the coals from falling upon her and stifling her.

"Wait!" exclaimed the officer, "that is to-gether!"

Mr. Fineman hugged her son in her arms, and returned the hitherto insulting glances of her now crest-fallen neighbor with interest.

Nearly an hour elapsed before the aged creature was sufficiently recovered to state that Mrs. Pry and her son had dragged her from the garret, and buried her in the position she had been discovered in.

"I told you it was not my doing," whispered Mr. Pry, senior, who had now lost all courage, not so his wife and Mat, whom the officers found considerable difficulty in handcuffing.

"She is mad!" exclaimed the wretched woman, glancing at her fair prisoner, "and we were both hungry of her as things her friend."

"Silence, mother!" said the son; "they won't believe this story now. I will explain it all before being such a cur as to spill on me."

On reaching the master and porter of Shoreditch Workhouse, Ann Betts stirred a cry of joy from the latter, which was quite equal to the quiet sobs that she should be safe there.

The next day, when before the authorities at the bar stood, the faithful woman alone to account, not only of all she had endured, but the motives of her persecutors.

"They wanted the certificate of my dead mistress's marriage, but I was determined to disappoint them, and carry it with me to the grave rather than let it fall into the hands of her enemies."

"You had it with you, then?" said the magistrate.

"Yes, sir."

The sentence—remembering how closely they had searched her clothes, as well as person—appeared to astonish them.

Where is it?"

Ann, who evidently united the strings from her cap—took it off, and drew the comb from her hair. "Since I left my room," she added, "remarkable for her age, upon her shoulders—and concealed. I was resolved that it should have been concealed in it.

The worthy magistrate escaped from all present.

"Who would have thought of it!" muttered Mrs. Pry.

The only observation she uttered during the proceedings, which ended in herself, husband, and son being committed for trial to the sessions.

The magistrate complimented, Peter Fineman on his conduct in the affair.

His father stepped forward to make some inquiries respecting the reward.

It will be given in the manner in which you treat your son, whether or not you will be found to have ever given him a character," said Burns. "My client, Colonel Mordaunt, is at present in possession of all the property. No doubt you but he will provide permanently for the boy, who has behaved nobly to his trust."

The printer both looked and felt humbled at the reproof.

"I am sure you always were too harsh with the boy," whispered his wife. "*Your first and last offense, Peter.*"

The advice was good, and many would act wisely to remember it.

CHAPTER XII.

In this with would the freedom and the land of Ann Betts, pretending that he was an officer of the law.

Our readers may imagine the terror of Clara and her two companions on finding themselves in the form their feeling could not be called by more wretched one. On board the vessel they were in total darkness, and ignorant of the places in the manly conduct of the mate and crew, of which they had fallen victims. Urged by Donna Inez was sensed, presented no such appearance as to excite the apprehensions in the mercy of their cousins—friendless, helpless, and in a foreign country.

The appearance of the mistress of the house—the beauty of her person, the grace and dignity of beauty among the sex, which would have rendered the Countess of Count Burgley—could failed to inspire anything but confidence. A long career of vice, and years of association with those who were the slaves of the opposite sex, but blunted everything like sensibility in her nature. For hours of her life she had experienced instead of softened her. False herself, she had become callous to the finer feelings, and in reducing others to the same degraded level.

Such was the character of the abandoned woman. But little circumlocution was necessary between her and the mate to come to an understanding.

"You must contrive to separate them before you reach Gibraltar," was the order.

The mistress of the Cara Nero—the place was well understood by the mate—"I understand."

"He ought to have been here by this time," said the lady, impatiently. "I wish to say, I hope he has mistaken his way; and yet the distance is short, and the wind favorable. I will look into the town and look out for him. Mind that no pass will; he can afford it, and the price will be no concern."

Donna Inez, as soon as the speaker had left the room, summoned the upper servant, who, in one of which the captives were confined. As he was leaving the room, he received the orders of some importance—the country residence of Don Felix de Leon, which was situated in the into partial decay, and finally abandoned as a residence by the family. Contiguous to it, fronting the room, made signs for Clara to follow her.

The terrified girl drew back.

"Fear not, my child," said Harry, resolutely, speaking in Italian; he had learnt enough to understand the words of the mate and father. "We do not intend to be separated."

The woman's countenance fell as she found her being braved by a child, as she considered the speaker, and intimated a second time that Clara was to follow her mistress.

"Never!" exclaimed the dauntless.

Her unbending will was not to be withstood, and, bent upon accomplishing her purpose, she threw the prisoner by the arm, with the intention of dragging her to another part of the building.

The struggle would not have lasted long but for the timely aid of Harry, who had never yet felt the slightest fear of one of her own sex, and who now exerted all his power in the present one. She was strong, and most unromantically she was overthrown.

The hasty blow she struck the Italian on the temple proved stunned her, who, in the distractedly placed her hand to her girdle to draw the knife, which her countess usually carried about her.

Throw it out of the window," exclaimed Harry, with the manly feeling of an English youth, and fist lots to strike a female.

The officers, accompanied by the cruel the cargoons girl; "I didn't go it so easily. Only wait—I recognize the cabin herself a reward. You may look on black as you please, ma'am," she added, dropping a mock curtsey to the enraged Italian, who stood scowling at her. "Looks don't bite, and if they did, others can look unpleasantly, too."

Inez advanced towards the weeping Clara with the intention of making a second attempt; but the resolute bearing of the speaker, who actually drew her guard, caused her to recoil; and breaking into a loud laugh, she quitted the room.

"Quite as well she is gone," observed the mad-cap girl-cook.

"To return," said the donzene, wringing her hands, "with those who will show no pity. Tom! Tom!" she added. "why are not you here to protect me?"

Little did the forlorn girl imagine how near her lover and his friend were to her at that moment.

Harry felt that everything now depended upon him, and his courage and resolution took root in the door of the apartment. They found the bolt more difficult than they anticipated.

The mad but wise eldest Carlo succeeded in throwing his arm through one of the shattered panels, and each time drove it back with a blow for curse, for the knife of Harry had struck home.

"Remember," said the wounded ruffian, "not to touch the boy." I claim the pleasure of cutting his throat myself."

The brothers pressed onward.

Despite the efforts of those who defended it, the barrier began to give way, and the cries of the two females became terrific. The Italians laughed as they listened to them.

"Finish with it at once," said the steward, who began to feel impatient. "Remember the reward! Do as you please with the boy and the wild-looking girl."

The rest was cut short by a violent knocking at the outward door. The speaker and his companion paused to listen.

"Only sailors," muttered Carlo.

In a foreign land they were English cases; but even cowards can sometimes act like brave men, and afflict a double revenge when fighting behind stone walls.

The itinerants had landed arrived, and Tom and Harold shouted the names of Clara and Harry. The former, in the joy of hearing their dear friends' arms from the window, had not her comprehensive reasoned as.

"Saved!" she murmured, "a second time! Merciful Heaven! How can I ever be sufficiently thankful!"

Nearly an hour elapsed before an entrance could be forced into the house by the sailors. The tension, under the circumstances, was the deepest energy, expected none, and kept up a fire of pistols, as their ammunition lasted, both from the roof and window.

Tom herself seized them.

When Clara descended to the lower apartment, she suggested rather than words to be said while were the emotions she had undergone. Tom rushed forward to clasp her in his arms, but Harold anticipated—for the strong Sir Edmund had already secured her in his.

"Clara, dear Clara! my own darling girl!" exclaimed her lover, at the same time attempting to take her from him.

"Back!" said the gentlemen; "I have a prior claim."

"Claim!" repeated Tom, greatly astonished, "what claim?"

"The holiest one. I am her father."

The word had no sooner escaped the speaker was no other than Colonel Mordaunt.

[TO BE CONTINUED IN OUR NEXT.]

ABOUT STYLE.

The names, colors, qualities, and terms of eye, vary in almost every hend; for, not to mention the common specifications of the shape, the hue, the white, the gray, and the like, the most fantastic terms are applied to express the fashion minds, by virtue of some particular quality of the resemblance of some fact or of some respective creatures; as that of a greedy rapacious aspect takes its name from the eye of a sharp piercing nature from a hawk, those of an amorous roguish look derive their title even from the wanton eye of a goat, and those of a sheep's eye, not so much to denote the innocence, as the simplicity of the look, which this metaphorical insinuation a modern invention, for in Old Homer taking the similitude place the eye of an ox, bull, or cow, in the kind of one of his principal epithets, by that frequent expression of

"The ox-eyed venerable Juno."

Now as to the peculiar qualities of the eye, that this part of our countenance is considered as the receptacle and seat of our passions, appetites, and inclinations, as the mind itself, at least is to the outward portal to introduce them to the house within, or rather the common thoroughfare to let our affections pass in and out. Love, anger, pride, and avarice, all visibly show themselves in the eye, no matter how deeply that cunner on a certain gentleman pen by appearing a servant. Some of which we can again by a dance in her eye-balls, nay, one alone, for the love of which a certain Roman citizen's length after a man in a gray dress. You cannot behold a covetous eye-ball but a hook-ter's shop without casting a wishful eye at the sharp instrument. You cannot look upon a proud person show the temper of his soul in the superior ficker of his eye-ball and how frequently the height of passion does that moving plaster of an eye lead other parts of the countenance to quick flashes of lightning, and make all its beholders as it were to run for cover. Even fondly describes it,

"Even his wide nostrils flee
A fiery stream, and sparkle from his eye."

As for the various terms of the eye-speech to the voluminary or involuntary, the half or the whole eye, the glance, the leer, the squint, the ogling the wink, the circumspective roll, the side-pop through a thin board for, there would be no end in the case of Hieroglyphics, as all wrong sections of religion are ranked under the general name of Heterodoxy.

A COMMON IMPERTINENCE.

One of the most unreasonable follies practised by people is "shopping." The impertinence of being always in a hurry." There are those who visit shops, and keep people busy for half an hour, all in their chairs, that they just called in, but are obliged to come there for the purpose of business who have very next moment. Thus they run from place to place, professing that they are obliged to be still in another company than that which they are in. These persons who are just a-going somewhere else should never be detained; let all the world allow that business is to be minded, and their affairs will be so on end. Their vanity is to be imprisoned, and compliance with their unobliging of affairs will effectually dispatch them. The traveling ladies, who have half the town to see in an afternoon, may be pardoned for being in a constant hurry; but it is inexcusable in men to come from their every-day business, to profess they absent themselves where they have.

THE NEW YORK LEDGER

MY MUSICIANS.

BY WILLIAM ROSS WALLACE.

The darkest minister of God shall be
My great and beautiful musicians now
Let everyone—the Zilke and lennent Wade
In these her wedding of my sottage home—
A wonder on such ebb, with Him wrought
And intense emotion to inord wel—
Michaea I will sneak, as deftly by
Rulu's little people made. These Winds
Shall see their subtle flights in every form
How soft the solid, sonorous South shall touch
His own sweet harp, and stir of Ocean's deep
And myrtles green, and roses red as blood.
Instead his love, deep, doubtless burned in days—
Alone, that stately gale on their cold peaks
Of blandness power, might rise for I have the North.
A pilgrim passed from seas whose feelings rush
Like mountain torrents round the Hebrides night.
Of strength and grace combined, that sublimest
All weakness! How the sound East, his home
Still odorous with Sharon's coral rose
And whitened in Gethsemane sweat, shall bestir
Religion's mayors, born of inmost spheres
Where Seraphim are nested on Heaven's hi lls
Eternally! And how the slumberous West
Shall shout of all the great until upblown
Of seeing seas, that spatial glowering
Too closing of a Life that was by Faith
And Truth imperishable!

O such shall be
My wands as between these Gentle
I sit, and as detain le by day and night
The signal monitor of this mystic World!

THE RANGER'S ADVENTURE.

BY EMERSON BENNETT.

The following is the story of a Texan Ranger, who enlisted and served during the first six months of the war:

"The Fourth of July, 1846, was a merry day with us Rangers, as we celebrated it with all becoming honors at our temporary quarters, a cottage-like shed, on the outskirts of the town of Little Mexican village of Reynoso. By a series of very curious mistakes on the part of our superiors, (for our government, be it remembered, allowed us no foraging, pillaging, or pilfering in the country of the enemy,) we had an unusual ally of course, killed sundry stray pigs, fowls, and so forth, which we afterwards managed to cook, merely to save from waste; and having prepared a few gallons of the native wine, of which to wash down and sustain the forbidden food, we gradually signed home to each other a party as my disciple of Bacchus might wish to find; and certain it is, that no slowest thirsty man my reason to complain of being molested on that most glorious and memorable day. We toasted everybody and everything we could think of—from General Taylor down to the last green private in our ranks, and from six-story police-forts up to the lowermost hovels that were fighting under. In fact, the last thing I remember of that day is of Sergeant Brady, who, becoming gigsity, the health of the Star-Spangled Banner.

"Now whether the pig or the chicken were disagreed with me, (of course it was not the whiskey, that being merely a corrective,) I am not prepared to say; but the fact is, I felt bad for several days, and on the morning of the one I sympathized with me as to regret me until for the next day. One morning an order came to saddle up and pursue a band of robbers who had been committing depredations in the vicinity, and I suddenly discovered that I was well enough to eat broth on an empty stomach and undertake a much healthy exercise. The captain being away, our lieutenant took the command, and just as we were ready to start, an old Mexican, with one arm in a sling, and his face all covered with bandages, came shuffling up, and said he was going to accompany us in the capacity of guide.

"Sefiores! wint hellhounds these same robbers are! Look you! They took me from my quiet home last night, dragged me to a lonely place, tied me to a tree, and then proceeded to mix with their knives to their hearts' content. They cut off my nose, haggled my face, and in most several my hand from my arm. By! I intended I escaped to tell the tale. Now I will lead you to the place, and may the devil catch them!"

"Of we went, swearing vengeance upon the robbers; and that we were a good match for much one set of cut-throats prayed upon another—for the Mexicans are a people much alike in this respect, at least in our eyes—the more especially as we were to take them dead or alive, if we could find them, and we were not to be much to any orders.

"About ten miles from Reynoso, on the Matamoras road, we found the last night's camp of the bandits, and our guide recognized a tree close to which he had been tied. The villains were not here now, but their trail was plain enough, and this we followed for several miles, till we came to a point where it had separated into six streak off in different directions. We were now ordered to divide also, and scour the country and neighboring country in small parties, but continued to traverse in a body, and to remain across at our point of divergence in the course of a couple of hours.

"As hour served to put me completely aquainted from my companions, I was being well mounted, and having no fear of losing my way, I dashed boldly across a little hill, across a rocky, barren strip of country, and into some more open thicket of chaparral, following as I believed a pretty clear trail of one of the robbers. All around, alone and single-handed, equinox one of the robbers. I would I could be as singular, for about eleven among herces of daring deeds; and as I pressed on, regardless of everything but the one purpose I had in view.

"I had ridden some five miles perhaps, after losing sight of my companions, and had already entered a wild, mountainous region, with the trail of my enemy still plain before me, when I began to think it barely possible that I might get into difficulty if I kept on, and that the most prudent thing would be to return as soon as possible by a direct course, not by the one I had come, which I conceived to be in the form of a semicircle. In attempting to do this, I got bewildered and lost, and, as it afterward appeared, took a direction nearly contrary to the one I intended.

"At length I found myself riding through a dark valley, with steep, rocky hills on either side, the place being quite wild and gloomy than any I had before seen. I began to feel strangely uneasy. Surely I had entered a new country, in pursuit of the robber, that would justify my finding such a place in this as my way back. I rode on a little further, and passed a few ruinous and deep gorges that opened into the hills gradually closing in upon a rocky gorge, with caves and chasms on either side, and a small, black, sullen stream, that seemed to have issued from the bowels of the earth, flowing along in the centre channel. The earth, being very moist, made directly for the water, and I dismounted and drank myself. On remounting, I turned his head to ride back, feeling certain that I must be on the wrong course, when suddenly, as if by magic, a dozen swarthy, fierce-looking men, in true bandit costume, appeared among the rocks, with their carbines levelled, ready to fire, and a gruff voice in Spanish, which fortunately I understood, exclaimed:

"'Surrender or die!'

"My first impulse was to draw my revolvers, put spurs to my horse, and leave them a shot; but a glance at the uneven ground before me, and the position of my enemies, convinced me that there was scarcely a possibility of escape. A narrow road would probably be the prelude to robbery, imprisonment, and it might be death; but the alternative seemed to render the last even more certain; and so, with the bare hope of ultimate escape before me, I drew rein and announced myself a prisoner.

"The robbers now steadily advanced upon me, keeping their carbines levelled, and showing by their manner that they did not feel at all easily over what they considered the possession of their prisoner; but when, to the demand of the leader, I had produced my pistols, knife and sword, and they behold only a single unarmed American among them, their ferocious grew bold and insolent. Without even requesting me to dismount, two or three seized hold of me roughly and dragged me from the horse, rolling me over and over, and even proceeding to shoot me on the spot. They then began an eager search for money, and finding every article I possessed, even to a pair of wooden spurs, they seized my horse, valise, watch and a massive gold ring. Not satisfied with this, though the booty was evidently larger than they expected, and seemed to put them in a better humor, they proceeded to rip up the hat, coat, vest, trowsers and boots, leaving me only my linen undersuit and drawers. In the ceiling me all the opprobrious names they could think of, and occasionally bestowing a kick and a buffet, as if to make me more fully sensible of their scorn and contempt, they conducted me up a very narrow gorge, and then into a wider one, where there were several men, with a number of horses drawn up in a line, and a narrow defile, between precipitous rocks whose summits seemed to be lost in the clouds, at the shore their base. As ascending guide led up this defile, followed by the horses, and I was left up for the space of half an hour, passing no less than a dozen sentinels stationed at intervals of rocks, and then at last emerged upon a broad, level plateau, with high, precipitous walls, completely encircling it, and as it were walling it in from the outer world. Around the edge of this plateau stood a number, fortified dwelling, with here and there among them a church, and pointing toward the narrow channel through which I had entered, the only way by which this hidden stronghold could be approached. Thence in fact had so laid out the place that it was impregnable against any force but that of mines. The building, after the fashion of Mexico, was low and solid, with a single entrance, which entered by a strong gate, and with all the rooms opening upon a spacious court, or rather court or area. Here were saloon, sitting-room, bed-rooms, kitchen, and servants' quarters, all underneath the eisles was a sort of dungeon, with a few small, grated windows, and a strong, narrow aperture, just above the level of the ground. Into this dungeon I was at once conducted, passing at least thirty new faces, some of which were very fierce, as they looked around me in the area, entering commission not to do most bloodthirsty deeds imaginable. I entered my prison through a trap-door, and down a roughly-made ladder, descending some fifteen or twenty feet, and when the trap-door was drawn up, and the door closed above, I was left entirely alone in the darkness, and could not wonder if even I should behold the clear, bright light of day more.

"I passed a week in this wretched place, being fed only once a day, and then on coarse food, that time suffering the most intense mental excitement, not knowing what would be my fate—whether I should be released, put to death, or tortured before the fire. Even the robbers appeared to be undecided in regard to me, for one day I would hear them discussing the propriety of either killing me, putting me to ransom, or forcing me to a slave-life in the mines.

"A week of the most painful suspense passed on, as I have said, when I was visited by a married proposition for a strong and recent expedition, and from now and then a single robber. I chanced to catch, I conjectured the whole band was about to go, and that I should be left sure of one of the wagon-trains of our army. Some two or three days after, however, they began to take their departure, and thus all once more was left in comparative quiet.

"It was near the middle of the night which followed, that, as I sat on the ground, my head in my hands looked around my knees, my body rocking to and fro, my eyes fixed on the trap-door, as from pleasant, I heard the soft, sweet tones of a female voice, speaking in Spanish:

"'Señor American, would you escape?' said the voice, softly and sweetly.

"'Would the imprisoned eagle fly?' I returned. 'Oh, by the love of God, by all that is under the power, give me my liberty, and I will bless you forever!'

"'Hush! not too loud, Señor American! and if I set you free, will you swear, by all you hold sacred, that you will not betray me, nor direct others to it, or seek for your property, or even for the kiss of a—'

"'Yes, lady, if I can obtain my liberty on no other terms, I will swear to anything you may require you have named.'

"'I do not know as I ought to trust you,' she rejoined; 'but the close examination I have of you gives me confidence, and I will restore to your dungeon, kiss led me to think I can. You did not impress me as a man who would lightly forfeit his oath and honor, though the last I have had a good opportunity to judge of whom to trust. But I cannot bear that your life should be sacrificed to us, as soon will be the expedition on which they have now gone, I fear it will be necessary I take upon myself the heavy responsibility of letting you go, and if I have cause of it to the bond, on me will the vengeance of the robbers fall. Do you remember this, and be true to your oath?'

"I then protested to what I have just indicated and I was quickly by her side, panting and trembling with joy. She then proceeded to tell her wish as true in lounge as ever mortal paid to man, but she checked me as I was about to utter words.

"'Be silent as death, and follow me!' she whispered.

"She led the way, with a stealthy step, across the open court, and into a small door, the door of which I had never seen open before. She then struck a light, and I looked upon as beautiful girl as a man could wish to see—the features finely chiseled and regular, the hair black as the raven's wing, and the eyes dark, soft and lustrous.

"'Quick!' she said, producing the attire of a female of the lower order; 'array yourself in these garments.'

"She assisted me in making my feminine toilet, and her own soft hands carefully arranged the never-falling *rebosa* over my head. I looked in a glass and was astonished at the change. I hardly knew myself. Then taking my hand, she opened a secret door, and led me down into an underground passage, which took us beyond the walls of the dwelling, and into the narrow channel before mentioned.

"'There is no necessity on duty to-night,' she said. 'The pass-word is Dios de Dios. I advise you to stop or question no one, should you say, by order of la Donn Florentia. When you reach the little stream in the gorge, follow it down seven miles, and you will find yourself on the Rio Grande eight miles from Matamoras. God and all holy angels preserve you! Remember your oath!'

"'But your name, lady, that I may remember it in my prayers?'

"'I am la Donn Florentia.'

"She said no more, but, kissing her hand, 'Farewell!'

"We parted then. I followed her instructions to the letter, and the next day, by noon, I was astonishing some of my friends at Matamoras with an account of my strange adventures. When I rejoined the Rangers, I found myself looked upon as a man whom there was a story. Alas! I was only too well convinced of its truth in the loss of all my valuables, but I remembered my oath to Donn Florenda, and never once did I breathe a hint to either rank or file, nor betrayed the secret which led conducted me down into the dungeon of Donn Florenda It still remembered in my prayers."

NO MORE.

No more the fire upon the hearth
Shall send forth flame and light
While cheerful voices round it sound
The wintry hours go by!

Hoping a warmer home shall bring
The sun I long to see—
The gentle skies and the blooming eyes
Where light is known to me.

Oh, little more than a year ago,
Rest of my days since birth,
Your voices, your eyes, your smiles are fle
Like the upon the hearth!

EL MIRA.

NONE SO BLIND AS THOSE WHO DON'T WANT TO SEE.

It is a base sort who can see in a noble, thought, it may be, unsuccessful struggle, only a motive for ridicule. Is it not a sad wisdom that lampoons itself of generous aspirations and mocks at unselfish endeavor? Is there not a spirit which prompts such in others, and rejoice in their failure, that is essentially contemptible as mean and stupidity? Why waste breath and thought of noting like a civilized being. Everything must be conceived, and whose opinions, if worth the having, must be sought for among those of manliest spirit were better expended in scorning than in heeding. Even in the worst form of power, can keep such cavillers where they belong. They are the mere hangers-on who help to shape they may try in vain to stunt their withering shadow upon the path of the dark orders, decay and ill-will, muffled though its footsteps be, will press it down into the mud. Such a person could presently look upon the Declaration of Independence as a mere century" long hymn to liberty, as though he were a god." From the third century we have inherited from that period the fact that at present we have no unbroken series of assistance from the Declaration, and about A. D. 304, says the late Sir Edward Creasy, in his day, "you cannot go into the streets of any city in the Roman world without seeing the marks of the axe by which, and the time before which, the persecution of Diocletian began."

Diocletian's Decree of Persecution, says Rev. Samuel J. Quincy, near Easter, Jan. 24th 1727, and published at Nicomedia on the 23d of the same year, ordered the clergymen of high standing, but of no great wealth. A few young men had spent a short time in the monastic contemplation, acquiring a knowledge of monastic business, which they, leaving him to his fate, had returned to their homes, continuing his cruelties business, prospered in his affairs, and, at the beginning of the revolution, was one of the two or three richest men in New England, and the richest in Massachusetts. Among the friends of his history it is known to everyone; how he threw himself into the patriot cause, and risked his fortune and his life upon the liberties of his country. His dwelling-house, in Cambridge, was the head-quarters of Washington. He served his government position and great influence, and was the friend and adviser of Washington and Congress; in his remarkable life person and diaries noticed minutes.

Gen. Washington—"My mother was engaged during a recent visit to Canada, he noticed that the Roman Catholic priests still possessed the whole ward of their prayers Ave-mas, instead of A-men, and, on his return home, he asked his mother if she happened to know which is right, the English or the American form of prayer. She answered that when she went into a Jewish synagogue some Saturday morning he will find the congregation all standing with their hats on the correct pronunciation. The Jews pronounce the word as it is written, and we do not, and therefore we say A-men. We all know the word, we should think, if they were spelling it, but we do not, and we say it as we do because we do not know it.

Chas. W. R.—The expression "as eulogy" is not exactly correct, as a eulogy. You would not say "as speak;" put the words you and we are the same. The word "eulogy" is a noun, and "as" is a verb. Somewhere it goes before a word, is to render the pronunciation of the word more easy and agreeable. You would, therefore, the addition of that letter would not pronounce the object more easily, and would not be agreeable, as an unlawful good are, to create that it is more agreeable to say a eulogy than an eulogy.

E. L. B.—The young lady whom you love, and who has refused you, is probably not the one for you immediately on arriving at her place of destination, and has not done anything which would have objected, that you have the promise to good faith. You should be sure that it is not a mere whim of the moment, and that you will not regret it hereafter. It is quite supposable that she intentionally broke her promise to you, and that she will regret it when she has had time to reflect upon the step she has taken in this.

Dear Hendie.—The "great clockers" as you term the bogus at Quebec on the ninth of June, 1838, and resulted in the destruction of the city after. It saved another and great epidemy, and broke out in New York June 24th, 1822, and continued its ravages in the city of New York, from June 24th to August 24th, was 2,545. From the 24th to the 31st of August, 1,000 persons died in the northern cities. It threatened in the southern, and did not disappear entirely until the end of October.

Rena.—We do not believe in parties as a common thing, but we believe in them. If a man has a party, he is a party man, and a party intelligent. Society affords no much harm and no good.

Fannie.—Your writing is very good. Practice will do the rest.

Pardon is said in the sense of bound one."

We get the common position, expressing indignation, never received except after the discovery of new evidence, or the confession of the criminal.

G. W. has a very meritorious gentleman friend, who has been unfortunate in business matters, and who is now in necessity. He is willing to labor, and is of correct habits. Very true, Mr. G., for his sake an avenue, and then we will see what we can do for him. He has a good business education, is active and pain, and why should you permit it for the sake of a few dollars? You are extraordinarily selfish we think.

Ernest.—To cannot say how business will be this fall, beyond the fact that it will be much better than to have been the last six months. It would be well for anyone to enter upon speculation, in an unlimited state, involving a large amount of money, and dependent for success upon a *general* revival of business.

Ernest.—By diligent and persevering study, a person can learn to read Greek without a teacher, but the learner must have rare perseverance and intelligence to be able thus to instruct himself in the languages.

E. T. R.—The instances are very rare in which a female is hit at the age of sixteen years. You will probably change your mind before you are twenty. Don't be in a hurry.

Ostium.—The sight of a short-sighted person does not improve as he comes to manhood; we believe the contrary to be the case.

Our Heroine.—It is no doubt a fact that General Jackson always carried pistols with him on his travels through the State which he was Judge of the Supreme Court of Tennessee. If he ever left his weapons at home, he considered did so from accident. But in those days every man carried weapons. Those were Indians on every hand, and white desperadoes, more to be feared even than the Indians themselves. Defenseless travellers were often subjected to the most wanton outrages. During one season, a gang of ruffians who traversed the State, set up the habit of assisting themselves by making persons whom they met, divest to the road until they became naked. Then, after they had stripped him and ordered him to proceed, they stripped him and ordered him to proceed, they stripped him and ordered him to proceed, they